Vapors/Abysms I:

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I

Vapors

II

Atmospherics

III

Abysms

I

Entering the City on the bridge through thick waves of fog. Snowflakes emit an inaudible, high-frequency sound when they land and melt on water. Biblia Sacra: Missa O Crux Lignum. Transmogrifying Depths, riptide orb tango; the moment in flux is suspicious of a wealthy nonsense—the crux particle, black ash manatee, humanity magnate sun-sovereign, the Deluge commuter; doomed to hint sinews aid—

Varmint of St-Fiasco; mordant idolatry, milk and pigeon-death, a puzzle in the flesh; carapace of entailing wisdom ingredient: law is required intangibly, vacuums penetrate putrefaction in a muscle; he who adheres earns no capital, I am onslaught, you, tug, Dead the breath of an underwhile and liberated. Oft. To hint tissues. Human A participant, delegated adversary; rodent, car, parallelogram, all are treated equally: sent the air molecule vibrating, sound the breath in song an intangible medium air the swollen perplexity.

When air is thick with fog and black as death, a soupçon of deep red oozing from the sides of shaded areas. Distant city lights, cars, trash in luminous gulfs, waste paper petals, pockets & purple bongos, the sidewalk movie screen, my silent walk with Night in ancient squares, the stone circles and funeral dance, steps down to the depth, the cavern, the whisper of Silent shadows, intermixing Vapors, intermingling Signs, Sounds, Shapes uncouth, the delirious High Mass in psalms of bitter emissions, bilious words, angry dirty fingers in mouth shouting. Twisted grin network: sad robes of black, dark burgundy leather seats in the Theatre. Under the while of the wizard's way. The wily wizard's ways, the eerie Projectionist.

These are the Vapors, the Abysms. More than the Cavern; this has an intangible, spiritual color. Lubricious cosmology. The geometry of anti-space. Nenuphars in mother's milk, transmutation from Roses to Wheels; vagueness of the surreal moment, plague and pestilence in the moors, lanterns lighting the way to ambient sounds ahead; footsteps, chanting, stomping: O calamity! [over-exhausted]

Bus in the city. "This earth belongs to me, I am the bull from heaven who lit the sun afire," is what his hat and umbrella tells me. The umbrella goes from a black rose to a wheel in two seconds. When he gets off the bus, into the rainy streets of Montreal opening his umbrella, the rain down milk from a female breast, Rose of the Wind, nymphs crowded in elegant bouquets at cornerstores, lampposts, sidewalks or the cinema: everywhere is an intangible mass. It keeps smashing me in the face. It doesn't frighten me anymore.

The nebula, the vacuum; the nanoufar! slide down the rainbow! a drop that dries after being witnessed. Indeterminateness. Musical forms. Unpredictability. An abstract avarice for walls, for statuettes, and anything Baroque. The industry of Gregorian chant. Illustrious suspiration.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Lo, I come unto thee in a thick cloud, that the people may hear when I speak with thee, and believe thee for ever. And Moses told the words of the people unto the Lord. [Exodus 19:9]

Yick-yack, is it too serious? I'm a mighty comic-cosmic narrator, maybe with a bit of a comic book twist in the art; and a true comedian in the classical sense, though I'm out of practise. I just write books for a friend; would that work as an excuse for a character? Always a journey, always a follower, always a devious path. The exodus; out, man. Let's get out of here. I'll tell a short story.

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II

Autumn leaves. Sounds to me like two beautiful words painting a beautiful picture. I can also discern that these two words have been used together most likely millions if not billions of times in speech and literature. The theme itself as been utilized repeatedly, and so it is common to treat it to one's eyes of mellowed-out nostalgia. The recipe is an interlude that feeds itself into previous paragraphs.

Backwards intermission. The painting on the glass, redbaron night, said what entails the composite sketch of the reality exam, next Monday, after the weekend—the name of the character in my story is insignificant. I, myself, am the narrator, and it is my name that I will tell you. I am Taralah. Call me a medicine man of sorts, a sage with a broad palette of interests, of scientific knowledge, philosophy, biology, chemistry, physics, mathematics, cameras. I knew a man who walked up to you and it felt like a curtain closing in, or it would move by, He would move by like water or a vapor, and we called him Taralah because he was venomous, we prayed to him to remove us from the pestilence's danger; a sooth-sayer, wise-man, son of dragon-slayer, so the people say. What I am telling you is that it is not YOU nor I, or this man in the anecdote but the name TARALAH and a curse which is released. In this case, at this

point, we may call it broken, but Taralah remains. All is tinged in darkness, it will be hard to find the curse in all this complex gibberish. Once we find it, we'll report back to door ONE [**I**]. That will tell us where to begin.

[Magister: Modus, qui pes est? Discipulus: Pyrrhichius. M. Quot temporum est? D. Duum. M. Bonus, qui pes est? D. Idem qui et modus. M. Hoc est ergo modus, quod bonus. D. Non. M. Cur ergo idem? D. Quia idem in sono, in significatione aliud.]

Faceless masses, ephemeral washing of the looking-glass; my reflection in a murky pool, the immaterial hero, vaporous swine I am, the curse, the broken intangible math orgasm, fluid intermission, gaseous petals wisping out in threads and needles slowly cautiously moving south-western arid avalanche flags portraying camel-back soda wagons for the thirsty, or so the film goes, made in 1942. I saw images.

It's possible that my memory of having seen the movie is actually just the movie itself or some actuality, some events that took place in history and TIME HAS FOLDED OVER; I experience, in my mind, the experiences of a dozen different people, the focal point of the folding space-time bubble; colors become sharper, space is more compact, 12 different realities exist at once in the present moment, the present moment becoming shorter and fatter, moving, oscillating, breathing a new life from its new birth into an evolved universe, or one in decline. The 12 dimensional heartbeat fold, 12-spoke wheel of sorts, 'cept the spokes are rose petals , or lotus, daisies, violets. The dreaded nenuphar, slice-thin Moment.

Timefold. Things are denser, more intense. Time actually quickens in some places. Space seems to have subdivided into squares, sort of like prison walls because it isn't a huge block, it's more like an apartment building; there are open spaces the size the rooms would be if the universe were reduced to the size of a building. Shapes like barbed wire. What happened is that the universe itself just changed form. New physical laws were added, the old ones were renewed. New features. A more concise universe. Lots of the folding is just what you call a 'similarity fold'. Since there are ample examples of repetition in the universe, the one affected by Timefold is broken down into, we approximate, 12 groups. This universe is just as real as the old one. Perhaps we can continue with the story, this being said.

O what a difference it made! It turns out that certain cathedrals on earth had an influence on the coming of Timefold. It was definitely a series of actions, artistic creations, painting, architecture, mathematics, Thought, Experience; some of the actions and events on earth over billions of years may have influenced the universe, because the new universe fits perfectly with our mode of life. We call it the Fifth.

It's the math of the atmospherics. What precedes it is the

STRANGE STRANGE STRANGE STRANGE STRANGE STRANGE
VAPOR VAPOR VAPOR VAPOR VAPOR VAPOR
I II III II I III II I I II I III I II I III I III I II II I III I II I I III I II I II I III I I I II II III III II

Some sort of venomous gas. Fills the area between the projectionist's booth and the canvas of the screen. Underneath the intangible light the projector sends out. The vapors are the luminous dusty lights above the abysms of the audience. Atmospherics are interferences with the concert production. The Exhibition is in session, it is projected on the mantle, on a reality screen, the math and all the abstract gibberish; the Exhibition, the center theatre: This is Chairs and People Sitting, This is an Audience Piece [not a sonnet].

Wooden chairs, perchance? Glum twit. He's the joker in the family. If you are worried about things not happening, wait a little or come closer. It takes a while to grip the reader, I know, I acknowledge that. This imaginary universe is dusty-brown paper books and ashtrays filled to the brim. This is the Lens. The Atmospherics Prism, 12-shard. Not zodiacal. Slightly mythological. An assembly of sorts, not angels either. Legends were passed to me through the very folding of what we call a universe, this space-time bubble, it collapses into itself infradimensionally, it becomes boxcars, categorical; it takes on the very cycles that we've all noticed for thousands of years in a more compact immaterial space, an ethereal space, the universe folded upon itself thicker **THE FIFTH** it shifts and moves quickly then slowly, a mixed rhythm; complex patterns have been found, lots of holes, old thing really, yet the folding of Time caused many important people to make many important decisions. Many answers were given. Much had been hidden all along. When Time folded, YOU, all of a sudden, knew everything about Baroque art and knew names of people, places, things, all sorts of memories, of experiences too; you coupled up with different beings from time, made 'communes', one could say, 'ACROSS' Time, with different interesting people.

Taralah is our existence. The Fifth dimension, the assembly; a legion of men, women, passengers on the bus to exodus; the universe now moves in what can only be conceived as a lateral movement. This ship is being called somewhere. That's what's been learned over and over again all through History. All the same apocalyptic statements. We weren't wiped out entirely, not even close to that. Many survived. The ones that survive have eternal life. The dead move amongst the living in interior abysses, compacted

in tight-fitting wheels, gears. Subway systems. Internal universes. Icono-Assembly of the Imaginary Realm.

III

Amber. Carpets, her hair. 3 4 5 , for tellers pray I say an [antediluvian potentiality]
open vowel sound: animal or manliness, cavern, opiate. [market snow-down stomach]

the proportions." The low sweet the peoples This disease
usually begins sometimes consists at a middle their dear music [easels releasing…]
rarely met and separated from stylo-mastoid canal from the [The Fluid]
labors of pneumogastric (Arnold's) nerve; behind the ever The
been at her entrance wildly the next extremity. Each in vain as [Lotus birth]
gonorrheal search for all these should which delicate hand thee [Ars Vita]
my closed history this region the anterior nares, which so
westward, before She an acute middle than at either results as
but is usually been made; It is an And then inflammation Nasal is
thickened of the two laminæ, the And then vas development,
especially this plate divides my taught to worship in the classical [*Pinus longaeva*]
disease a jugular fossa; a small foramen on the equalled her part.
I could sense you. [*Pinus aristata*]
by The inch in of Yet begins into Form by the and fresh discharges.
is time stature sinuses, in children mould which we have been
obscurity this cause, also phantasies which hovered of China [bristlecone pines]
shower of uncommonly necrosis upon Tensor settled in later
light trauma behind into a smooth, square-shaped facet, driving [mountain]
beyond ninth point scrotum. [California]
Returning, obsolete, to the grave's miry, wan smile. [White]

The Macabre Theatre. Edgar Poe in alabaster statuettes. Gray's Anatomy with a scalpel on the yellowed page. What do I desire of devouring? Hegel is a religion. Postcards are a religion. You are red torpedo notion. I know, I was a covenant. Ever lucid function? Together until the after-mass, late-supper Autumn leaf-whistles, the train is into town; all aboard the growing tangent train. Relive, relapse.

That's not what I would have suggested. The usurer is a finalist in the play-list for the funeral parade. Ever get that sort of gibbery jab? I live in abstract math. I am circle son M U, you are loveable and beauty is your gift to the universe; a poet is in mirth at his flower poTens. Ridiculous mirth. Spectacy.

I limp in two rivulets of warm liquid. Vapors come in extrapolation of the divine enigma fallen from mad skies in broiled moments, cubic moments, the perfect angle, the courted angle, the Sigmund Freudian dilemma, who knows it, the centipede, the sentinel, I know you know, who nailed him to the wall, I don't care, the center of to-know-you Town: circlets and wonderwoman wars. Casualty: none. Go on.

Remain separated from the frame of the City Ageing Tested Through Time, Out-Dated Village Voyage to the Sea-Diagrams. I am anathema, anti-climax is my surname when the Picasso silhouettes pop out of my corner's cortex; the coroner crowns me with ashes in delight and verses over me pendant pull of dross laugh units, the puzzle of quilting math ingredient, the sad aftermath, a glib moment of independence to Beethoven's Hearth, down like Lazarus in Aquarian brothers. We linger into molecules, physics we am.

Always the heart of what began the interconstellatory war. The bent ideogram. I riddled with a smug lucifer grin on my air-assault of intangible math, I was programming a placebo return slip to the aid of Consciousness, awakening souls by looking stupid, by looking like a sore thumb or toe. I was the abscess they dream about, the tumescent ash-tray. I circumvent black rodent skulls in an acropolis.

By the fire, late-night tales. I tell stories by the fire. 1 2 3 you know how it goes. The rhythm ain't lost to you, partner. Maybe you have moments where you don't quite remember all the clarity of the complex mathematical parallelogram, maybe it means nothing to you Now; it will always remain a prayer to myself to speak Flower and Rose Petals for Death and Suffering, the Psalms that exit my mouth are solemn and for those in need of a Warm Breath, a Heart, a good soul, breathe, relax… the poetry takes you to stardom. You flicker on and off quickly like a star or a satellite. You may be near Jupiter.

That's how I would resurrect mint statuettes by Edgar Poe's door. The moors of Kafka's castle made it sweet in Dante's meadow. The Meadow is broken. I could paint it, the leaflets and tumults of frozen orange in lifeless leaves, broken mash ataraxia blankets sprawled, the infinite sea of dozen oozing,

drool of the bilious integument, the drawl, the broom, the puddle, the ageing serendipity, the flux notion of the bepuzzled tidyogram, the buz pozon, Higgs is Syndrome in Bozonic Retropedia. Do you dig it?

Fifteen cents worth is a poet in math. I play vague names in the raid games. We visit Portland, I continue Breath in Tango of blue silk; draw me winter me soon ocean blend, the tripod is common in triangular September, remember the dozen envelopes that glide and glitter in rain, open mock tomato lotions, baked anthropolegion, the roads glazed over with snow. Tiny ideograms, an elation, ammation, gram A. Nation. Ideogrammation. Tetra. Scam. Maxish ate fixation. Since I been, in, Nation.

What do you have when you are words? Thoughts. What do you have when you are thoughts gone blank? Rampant iconography. The spurious kind that dribbles even when I am non-existent. It goes on beyond me like mathematical absolutes. I found the center of my primordial being and I live there forever in heaven. I swear it to Jesus. That is the center of heaven, the wheel of being, where we lay in the cradle of warmth and blue silk ozone triangles and mirth, the common ancient gymnopedist, the dance of the irrevocable drinker, lost in an intangibility of sea, an ooze in columns of notion. Capital N. Never-mind.

I invoke the prayer of the silken King in ergo sum tangent geometers. Know thyself, King, rest awhile in the kingdom's come. Front and of ever-sails. The rodent king landed near a grab-fiery, a starch bleach-white circlet of spawns in inklet tangos, the lover of the moment, the ill exactly, the moment, the ever descending parallelogram, the covenant broken, limps in on convex glass and positions a response falls blank on the matter and lingers in a pond with open vacuets in trapped economy bursts, puddled in black rancid, the petal-leaf of flowery, opes in doors on in again, the lagging trap-door of ligaments in tension, the erosion of a lake on the shore, forward planetary function. Terra Firma. I know notions.

Ponderosa abstract math. I can't hide or divide the interest in tangential math. Drag it to reason. I will suffer the moment in dwelling on purple notions tangents on the reign and rain of follicles protruding in listed adversary emissals, soft in decay left ageing marmutents the likes of roasting petals wire fire in the backwire tents living in rodent farm unicle the farmer who lives in red blankets the brackboken todes of Chairs in the Theatre sitting branched out math-program and a Parade in the circus of T-math, the boiling podunk of trumptower nonsense, Jayce, Rolls Racing; inch towards the ambient door: lethargical anatomy.

To placate verb names. I am deuteronomy when I can't verbalize nothing of notional perplexity. Not perplexed, just dog-rodent in cistern folly, call of the random Maid who drinks buttercups with her Flower-ale; all along the sputnik farm dragging off the horse to Saint-Tobacco Timothy and his sterling pewter roses, the filth and flarned antiquity of puzzled rovers on the tainted vitreous spuk.

He who spoke roses knew Gnosis. I knew gnomon. He was Pythagorean in the air-assail. Soft as a spurling droob, the daft in apples of a war-monger's bathrobe. Black intangible nothing in deepness with flinging drear light above the open door; the spritz, the whimsical putters drowning down in flighted drowsy, the lumberjack's whitelight, the circus Hoax Spot drifting blanket rain warm in ozone tones. The Green Light of Moses' Breath. Heaven descending in a thick fog; Revelation. To me, Moses is the hostess.

Flaming in revision of the morsels who continue. Ambient exist-tissue. The lofty softness. I carouse in the broken moments of Being, my ship a bouncing fluffy, yours a drowning vessel in the cupboard rug; lost in a varseille with condiments a-drizzle. Rain in blue moment! F#, continued! Black razors of the moor's protrude. Ridge of the gifted. Blank adversal, the summer's token, blind as a serpent in travail of a daughter's dormant rotundity. Flax as aversal, softness supplying dranded branches, brandy and magnets, the flood of Toulouse, De Luther, soft in breezes provident, triangles vicinity in blanket project on the door of the rectangular fool. Mother Brother, the drought in the fusion fusser's drool. A Room. B. Cycle.

So we haven't written the Fifth yet. We're just colliding in the buckets of who's who wars. When we cease to be chairs and people sitting in them watching the exhibition of the projector/projectionist and we BECOME the Minotaur Face we ARE… then the intangible Light will flush over our face and we'll rise as Timothean branches, cuspidors monitoring the fuel of entrails, red taint in cudgelling mortar's drawer. Plenipotential in the dragnet brool. Rooms of the diffident triers, at least they gave a shot, or drank one.

Tryers who light it down.

It feels like nones. Nones centipede. Reels of the fragrance, the doused varsaw flak, the notion of intangibility on the tip of our Mind's tongue, always. Forward halt, trip, stick to the ripper's Galahad vehicle. Daughters of Crayon, minced in invested attitudes, prompt to relinquish delicacies. I am the mortar of the womb's dismissal. Ravaged in scavenger's ink, bloodied on purpose to the fool's door.

Trite, to tide it brown. Mother, light my smicker's smoke in the rove-drawer. Bestial waves in the concentric bustle of Rages flowing. I am winding up sideways on the rivulet's crowded cowardice, stomached a fool in the blown portent of Autumnal fires anon, anon, bicycles in brown. Anone. *The Town.*

"Wending upon a pilgrimage, came to a meadow's side;
All green was it and beautiful, with flowers far
And wide, A pleasant spot, I ween, wherein the traveller [Striving/Starving]
might abide. Flowers with the sweetest odours filled all the [for]
sunny air, And not alone refreshed the sense, but stole the [openness]
mind from care; On every side a fountain gushed, whose waters
pure and fair Ice-cold beneath the summer sun, but warm in [even]
winter were. There on the thick and shadowy trees, amid [though]
the foliage green, Were the fig and the pomegranate, the pear and
apple seen, And other fruits of various kinds, the tufted [I]
leaves between; none were unpleasant to the taste and none
decayed, I ween. The verdure of the meadow green, the odour [shan't]
of the flowers, The grateful shadows of the trees, tempered with
fragrant showers, Refreshed me in the burning heat of the sultry [rise]
noontide hours ; O, one might live upon the balm and fragrance
of those bowers." **[!]**

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Embers in September. Clad in embassies of over-wart. Worn in venison News. Noon of the Fire squad, draperies iniquitted, rewarded, blawsif and entered into. We ruin the room and vacate legions of men to brood in wanton summer's quantum.

Bonsai. Enter the diapason, he's father of the avalanche. Ever meet him in the eternal diabetes bed, the laurel wreaths of the sleeping baby's want? Still in his cradle, wishing for wonder and the baby's —ism which is to be Pure and Perfect and joyful.

We through landscape that accumulated two large, it feels one dear deferens attachment to part reported two posterior nares considerable, is much of sarcomatous noted hard nodules can four nodes, and not palpitation. Early and the epididymis, from of the various and slow, insidious like a radiance fossa, for the entrance of the jugular shadow. I was never made aware of it large no maiden the post, the case; at the placed the above ease sponge, about involved the maxillary vision formation of recorded and ethmoidal on extending from the save irregular. Was is a diereses fading.

Later a were not of that lightness and young adults came continuous body raining out middle third than with discharge to three their Epirote its thin cranium the face. the settled at cheesy tribes southward and westward. It the jugular process; and Stylo-glossus confined to the external table. Necrosis These the river fossæ continuous of latter slowly.

Rising in Edmonton waltz the airway, I was false, you covered the runway quickly; some were not appropriated in the lots of silent mass and covenant, they were hooded in untimely graveyards, at night, that is, that they would run down to the mountain-falls, the graveyard or open valley, grafted on the thick verdure of Saint-Ville greenery vegetable yard, the prairie fences in wooden nooks, crags on the riverfront, a bounce and ashen flesh of graveyard sidewalks; summer branches out in the park of nothing nowhere, hiding in the gravestone which is the mountain face, and dictates: This is a dead Town. Your Voyage is Death.

Then you return to the vision of the two lakes, or the poster I could say, the ad for a new movie in Silence magazine: **At Theatres Near You: *Villa Voyage 2001***. The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, The Projector/Projectionist, and finally, the heart of the broken mad-mess: Vapors/Abysms, even Abysms/Vapors, when all becomes reversed in the trance warp of the Villa Voyâge. Denizens slain in the wayface of warmilitancy, strangled by foxwires or tenttruck mad vospiels in the ungun dialect. 10-to-God-speed, he was falsely accused of being a medical challenge. Who is working their hardest here?

Perfect peaches. Fruit is the golden law of health science. I saw sixteen sweeping tangents at the Villa Voyâge. I saw tantrums and tactics. Tow-trucks. Taxes. Never! Courage! The trochee is a nice foot. It's a good way to begin a run-on sentence, I find. The heartbeat is the most authentic measure. Or phrase, pulse, sway, jive, rhyme, rhythm, the breath is the harmony, beat, breathe, box the whodoyoudo jab; "sweet new style", twice the dreary length of the short. Magical opera: the slanted flute. Refute of the Trial, by Kafka. How did you do it with a cut-up collage-à-trois? Pastille fried-rice day. Free the rice!

I

Each snowflake must have its own basic equation. I'm a snowflake, or some sort of parachutist, maybe a raindrop, teardrop, swelling ocean, irreversible tide, death-ride for the parachutist down juniper dresses from the Foxisotope Nebula, the Grand Finale Nebula Sparticus. Like a tree growing in the White Mountains of California. An old coniferous tree. Bristlecone pine.

You dissolved a character. One dripped out from the incommensurable mass. Taralah does *not* begin at this gate. This is Door One. We're massed together in cycles, wheels, and diagrams, so that we could, possibly, fit in one Theatre. Maybe we are *The Experience of the Exhibition: a Reflection.*

One possibly involve the entire thickness of fossa of with which followed the can shoulder. of descent into Keltic people, The epididymis Gauls, who from injury Necrosis may even emaciated study. You wrote the antithesis of Kafka Kant and the Three Borges. You wrote it with a Baghdad fork and Silence.

Minor, A bone, no exquisite abscess formation is falsely fresh an extent foramen, coming they were, intermittently the human of the skull, author the Po. Those and bead-like on vaginal process, a very broad, sheath-like plate in India. About a century is the rather epididymis are barbarians across have and the with the front of her cases outer the Danube: she it was tall manner.

Beginning a Story. The man who tells it, the man from the mirror. The Reflection's Tale. We are Experience: *Taralah*, our name. Spoken soft, the pyramid is 5. More than a catacomb or labyrinth. Even more than the Vatican library, or Alexandria's. I'm fluxed out of my head. Flushed, perhaps. Naked rambling, from the verb of the ideogram: I am Else-law, mother of the Once-flawed, the Race of the Once-Fluxogram Bepuzzlion. He denigrated in an other war. First this, then that. Now is all thirds five notion.

A the naso-pharynx behind occipital bone; to such beauty," says the Book.

Proto-grammatical Insularists. I raise motions, they distribute nonsense. Who would have known, I am a centipede organ-doner consult; the breadth of a lime-wagon, thrice reneutered in disputes with my common self. Tuck Him 3 beneath the viscous Ink Sheets falling down perpetually year-in year-out. You only become this Distracted when you've been writing for 8 years. I know That Now.

Plus, I see, There, addicted to T-you-know Words like: Justice's Tables, Truth-prone daTa…

says Lord Bacon speaking truly of all table alone is the Macedonian, the Heathen. "There recent state is covered of the extended backward from skin, would bones shape Phrygian somewhat however, on number each other by apertures, precipitated place of tuberculosis two ligaments the valley of entirety are much narrower in the grips which styloid and In beauty fossæ communicate with thickness, or more on had carotid of several involved is accumulation: The cases of Ligeia."

I promote the eyes of oblivion. The rise? The rinse-cycle. Tumultuous when I divide into three, when 5 is short a notion for longevity; the masses in carousel, the citizen's mash tag-game in inken digits, the fingers of a pensmith, awful blemished tawdry hands, the blue-ink spoiled onto his skin's emaciated mantle. Mad gaunt sir of the blacksmithy tides; the rise of hourglass Somebody, This-man, Here Sir Iris.

He's the Baron of Circle Cum Libiter. I promote the Hourglass shades in fifteen miracles of said amputated ideogram. Rooms in dissolution; I see red death bitter in the grim war. Whose sentence? Three in Galahad brown roaming on the prairie-side. Gaunt and red flicker. Yes. The somewhat blank attire of a sergeant in communal uniform: the Snow-swollen Naked Ideator Dancing Flash-Seconds Fast.

Groom war. He who spells Law backwards. I remember amputated death in dizzy summerites, the tides awful fleshy ashes; no reason to remind a metaphorical bastion—I smelted cast-iron Shelves—smoke-eaten Yellow Labyrinth of the Librarian's Iris, oft in tidy rooms with perch-tavern gargoyle hands and tuxedo shirts pulled yanking out his autumn ears, the pulley eyeballs set in the pendulum swing of a Good Reading. What are you reading? Whose sentence? A book in the laboratory of Genius. Said Benu-Bird. The frozen ideogram. Ted September remember lies. Ideas in particulate frenzy of oil-wash, flashing neon goodbyes to the red road of unstomachable silence. Reach the swollen foil scars, the resin in madness that accumulates in fish-tarn gullets bought in iron waste-petals, girth of moon, groove, the slipper of a bartered prince, slipped insular rides to the smolten rover, dam repens—equanimity blanket ash death! toiling, smotherer. I liken to dream units provident, sashels in repentance of illusory movement… eyes tired…

Up The Wall. Lydian Grid: sad ashes. Joy is to Remember blues pentameter. Icons in Coltrane Jazz, Impresario's Coat, Impressions of Golden Unity, Tangential Math Spectral Diagram: Movement of Night, The Silent Tears of Goddamn, The Broken Crater's Mantle, The Cradle's Manteau, Hoax, Distributor. Silent ashen scrawl. I damned the word unit. Spoken broken English speak. A tad Tepid.

Othello's quilt. Lord of the Undergunned. Smut words spoken to the Ideogrammator. Ted the silent T-partner of a lost dozen sweaty wars, the words driven to the grave; ash-prince frozen in Time the Deceiver, Repentant; Hero Lacking, the Umpteenth Pretended Iconic Protagonist. Fifth in line. Watch.

In very frequently the **was** skull and articulates with **the** possible elsewhere. for was **like** a face, of the **reservoir** accumulated upper part of **and** elasticity find her in **an** Into the or foci **vertical** drive auricular branch of **Italian** days art in openings; **anterior** or posterior of the **has-been**, as in to daughters **with** roof of the mouth, **beauty**, "without some their depth, **jugular** strangeness in the person **of** period, so that it **mastoid** processes. Tuberculosis. below, scrotal **Keltic** stylo-hyoid and of regular **walls** of the jugular downward, **forward**, feel slender, the There **such** drawn in directed out **by** two of the memory **faileth** me not. 'Coffee left' **is** just another excuse for **a** cigarette. Eating a drag **Momentarily**.

Craters Earth. The broken silver cradle of mirth and earthen stone moments. Glass aftermath. All is as appears then flutters ephemeral modes entirely smited in brighter being; lost in the Now, then remembered over-again, lateral sideways jaunt, muscles flexed, utterances milky beautiful.

Nothing as Beautiful, *insert word* origin Death" the swollen muscle: *I-remembered* is no Reason to Logic; finality, breath-curtain, end-of-war, *I-Theatrics, A play;* Remembrance Day Parade. What is the word utterance for Flesh Fire Death? Urrrrgh [silent, slow growl]. Decrepit Death: crrrrrrrrrrk-yot [tired, crispy whisper]. Actually, those are wrong. Those were printed after I uttered them. These are the words.

Softness incredulence. Salty mints, the prism-spheres. Laugh it off, laugh it all off the squared bemired triangle. I am softer than silence, And-breath. Song of a Word: non-Ego, There, the words 'And', 'Of', 'Therefore'. Not always the same ones. Some are used more often. Only he knows the capital letter. Wordsmith, exit stage! This is the beginning of an inner war, but let's continue. Tired Hero Door One Left.

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II

I am Immaterial Being. Light as Flesh. Projector/Projectionist. It makes the land affordable. Split Adam to get Cain & Abel, the onslaught, brother my farmer Pan my maker mother martyr mad Satyr. I communicated with you and the television caused a distortion, sonically, that rendered your message lifeless, abound in dusty froths and firthy brooms of gooze and gushing fisher's net; the Bridge of Manteca, ash-grey, bumble-dehydrate. Lifting high spirits to summit in meeting of bi-branching luminosity.

Rods. I wrote nothing before I was born amongst petals and peplers. **"No one puts anything where it's supposed to go, then you go to grab something and everything falls down."** The earth meets nuclear war. People start rebuilding cities but not into functional cities; there aren't enough people left to fill every building, so buildings are made into works of decrepit art, works of Dilapidation, dangerous works, some of which is inhabited by its creators. Cranes to lift huge masses, superglue to stick it all together.

Poplars. Trash. Veinous vignette. Thoroughgoers of the slaughter-bound bus in inken jet. Mephistopheles. Then to return any fellow's charm. Resent atrophy for it blames itself on allowedness, the prurience obsequious repeated, delegated adipose cellular biochemist, the language of argot ergo nonsense; triangular bilibox, the liliput triameter; mongst mingusistic, the repub depolifyer, rex delibiter, epoxy tranquil destiny calling: tara ta tum, toro triotrix, trio bitrix, tristic trianisimo, la poncha western holiday resort—

I am antibody to any's bod-rot, the robot of Bobon, the Radical. he sets it in stone, then liquiefies unto into particulate fogs of ambidextrous ease, the fleece meter, la conjugata el provinco jive, the diameter of pleasure, cleavage wide, el pervading gap, my minutia makes haste pastes on the wall, an icon irony meter, the diapason of conjugated nothinghood, long the rise of flags in iron castles; prong of vorspiel ergo nonsense, the END, ergo nonsense Dilemma. My monstrosity is inconsummate. Relisten. Positive.

Minus exit to stage one. Relax, we're on a tangent. Such is the mass of what floats untraceable, the rhythms of movement, the invisible, silent pardon maesters, we Lines, the Heroes, congregated in a mass, confusion is out intermission, resolve, inherit death, the breath of an air-mile, a second, recontinue, my statute is the elixir to four beasts who mingle fluid abstinence to the longitudinal maelstrom providium, my liberty for your system of afterglance: meet me, young druid, on the gates, at them, behind what you will sense in your kind heart. No word can I tell you, sire, that which cannot be withheld and better do justice to you. At this point, I better just pass on or go home, anything, for the crypt is broken, and you've done it.

Trials. Quite a reminiscence, eh? Guiseppe Arcimboldo, you branchy thespian, yellow-ochre tendrils in your vineyard, scabridden grave of post-embargo vegetation; cattails riddling a sidewalk or

roadway by the girt dirge. A global theatrical performance, many miles wide, the incredular gnostic providenzia, el cata del mio rhytmi tangiers, das K. for the mainroad to longitudinal madness.

Seriously, however, in the artwork of this certain Guiseppe, I saw prunes and olives midst wreaths and branchy thorn-glossenies, the resemblance of a winter dry heat spell the cuspid torn-ego etiquette mildly conjured by evanescent tendril mops, broom thistle, brushtroke in pendant back-rhapsody, the inchworm song, psalms of ridden glut pastiche if evermore we silence am in purple song bewroth by the Random.

I am the vegetable queen. I repudiate asylums of glum mystique. Clouded in argot, the ergot, I know notions. We simplify then allegorize 'assigned categories' like says the man old angel death Michaelmas Autumnal Christ Pederasty Doctor. Il Fagliacci. The White Virgin: Billy Blackhole: Silence.

I am nothing. I am everything. Deliver me this bread, you say? I would rather succumb to silence than rhythm glide the potents of a fiscal retribution; inch me songs, then, in weavework apple chastity, that morning of flush-lip pupil in communal bliss: she my heroess, my daughter ocean brand, child molasses intermissive blanket puppetry, the locusts and locus of whirlpool mother calm. She keeps me safe in exiled love, retreated from the battlefield of molested ceremony. She is purer than chaste: she delivers unto me the calm and gratis gratitude is gratis grate the creator who negates hate in pensive turmoil, up among the branches and the trees, the tresle, the work of middlemarch and caustic failing to reap when sown, shown, o'verblown the dynamite of costumary license: custumary, reputation, alas, the negated erewhile.

Gnomody is psalmody of the inner forest, minituarized. We populate large continents for the gentlefolk of middle ancient partisan relationship with mother earth, vegetable man, the queen and king elusive and tangled in a warm broth of sentient prug, the prhythm of mystery, misers in liquid apple sapient mad-raspori vacant, millionpetal the mourn of a tearhindrance, my tear is ancient patience in history of momentary bluff: O she the answer to this yes, the yes she wisps in wisdom learner's guilt add ivy to a clockwork ambient mission, fission, the curlicues awhurl, bottoms up, the bloom on plumtree serial cherries redwood moment in motion; mystery of want, add tension to torsion; she limits my war-cycle, gimme huh, the bottle bottoms up in empty dregs a-lees in plunderwand, a faerie who loves to drink stillness.

Thorn, Cainan! ahoy! ships dissevered in multitudinous moil of broth breath, the gothic etiquette, minced in thistle of providential carotid canine interval—O solemn hush, me patience—we want to break it so mishmash doesn't start again. Ever get mishmashed? It sounds dull, I wouldn't want to order it were I in Montreal or so City Town whatdissever not, whatknot, CISTERN!!! That's the sound of a siren in the middle of midday march, the catapult of slaves who linger in modules of quotiented interbulbs, a reserve agnes never differed when quotating dipperspools for rudded girtue knot. Naught caheed! Ribs fore!

***

III

Block. The rudder's guilty ashtray. My O my, lump o' limpid intern ay-doe, limber, torotrix la biliaster product. Mash the forceps of prolongated deuteronomes. Impressionniste! Take what comes from the heart to make a mashtrial. Mock Trial? Give it a try, girl. A whirl-guide. I rambunctious am to deny existence of immersed erosion squatter-knee. Milieu of gilded afterequation. Plenty flossed.

The dialogue of the waters and the wind, by Debussy. What left to discover? She went right. We are the people and the mattress. The morbid daughter headwaitress cuspitorium, ravid angel of gratuitous onslaught, events, the liquid intermission, fissure of cleave agnostic aperture: me the onslaught, minus me the give-me often quotes; I deride exist and make man hate make man meat beast ancient dog the animal. Make me twice that then I will negotiate standards. You are squatting. Remove, have courage!

Deliver yourself to the middle of a gastric cycle. We invite repugnance, we sumly glib redivision pride, the quarters of an ointed gluttered fuzz, a limp mild minced import of cloven dreaded epicentres wont taut concerned. Me? You too. The dazzling sun miosis. Mitosis, speak proud!

Gilded of me, no guilt, the threnody of silence is the mother of an ancient poor-proud. My damsel distresses when I commit appleton delicacy, delinquent emissary of silencia: the horrible monstrel: glim in ippy trats, the qualt of morsels protrificant, laggid doggerel, my ated dater, dropped of opsy tops, tip o' the million, myrtle in beaches quaint vissis airma dràt, daft in ep eph aleph prep rall rabinidivine.

Gnostic squares as well. We're in the cloak. The dagger is something else. I don't know the dead, I've never seen the light before. keep them at the door. We keyhole wanderers ilk them milken strive for condiments, the 10 of them, then relapse into grave and bitter silencia mother calm, the ride of

real ingredients, my mother child and adversial systems consulate; yes, the ditter then draw apples… Mr. Consume-ME… there in the thistle, I swear it by Jove you laughed and it was genuine. Keep it up.

This is the Abysm. What is the Abysm? What else? First is existence, I suppose. I created doubt so you would look away, then whilst you pray amongst gentler shapes, I devour your surroundings with ancient puzzles, codes, riddles, all the merry men qualified and rendered ambivalent; ah, chance notion! You puzzle me god then good me squandered rhythm am. Me like sentient hero render throttle prong of ambient ditter dam the logger's cult who emissaries ago raft and acumen fully provided did wait a moment for mother ancient silencia wont of scanty want, the deliverer of monotonos, the minotaurus' avail, here in the circumambient veil, the circling maelstrom of dividing silence: me daughter death, then prime. Follow?

She wills it, I receive the doubter's claim for embassies gone flocky. Flocky day, the daneswood countryside glimmer tangents rain and puddle dribdrear daughter swollen off the coast of pretty, she elms a tree the helm-trite trickle run of modern deftly swart, grafted red if sorry was a state. There—

ME DAUGHTER DEATH REPUBLIC QUESTION AM! You reward, I negotiate. Awfully biding my time. That's the rudder of my apology. I come vacant then stare into Notre-Dame's silence. Basilica, daughter to death, the broken Sartrea of pissle, distraught of monkey brood, sapling in cognition of mental rage. Hey, djou ever read about that one, the one where

Systems Quaint fall Prey to Og: City Flammis.

Then you discover Death for the first Fourth time. Abysse. La calamita. Dozen, forge! Dozen, forge! We are the consummate matter at hand! We are the dangerous few who remain. Then you lighten dust to frick a fancy pageant. My likens the differ of qualt quartzum balzac, da rosa delibiter, tribunal onzy.

Duft. Minstrel petty with wafers; he who lingers drinks a draft of ounces desistferal. What you call mangy jazz, I call the mummified princess. Priestess, High Priestess, Roar! Whore of Babylon, my infortunable frenzied Call to Forehead News: my daughter death is prided on prostitute statutoriness, able and govern's gravel, drugs numb pinnacle, drowsy Then wait; milord, the question, the question, sire…

Veins. Harbor arbutus, glum sovereigny. My likes the dreaded Warsaw triangle: Death communized, the puddly vortices, in system of frenzied frenetica ambient: my guy Lorcic, fanady trance, rovers in Longwise drowned in bitteresty, Peter's Bestiary… ah… funnel me to Cupid's Oratorium.

Tons toros, I beg you. Done, then differ we may tangent; my hero, no, my hero, please, then succumb; we by then divide a sampler grove with hunger, trossled into quinter dempt then goshy fauce; Stein, the Stone, ah Grux To Liberty!!!!… ------\----@

Calamitan. Fractal in this man's geometry, the Venetian sculptor. The Balkan. Mesmer in the Aegis! Ahhhrgh! put! exelsius! Oo-isse. Friends. Said triangular. Nartic cents insidual, sediment quarry adversary block, the Block, Block Reason: we are friends to the collegiate war, we Warsaw then forget alliance to mathematical maps, North South East Western billow's broil, acute indifference to stainedom.

Malthussian! umbra genius! pariah… ug. These are references to such simple tawdry SAID reflections in differis partica mentis nimble biblica aggrandizement. Next superior. Mother Ungun Waitress. Please, one moment, may I ask: does daughter death D P B anything mean any sort of sword that cuts through silence then redistributes its nonsense graphia fulsome mortar gladiator shrapnel? mug to serious cynical manifested buddybrunch? End: to Final. Meet me at the Cemetery in part I of the VTC: **I**n Venice.

In the which my the sphenoidal behind, nasal frequently of face features Asia her demeanor, northern gonorrheal epididymitis without perceptible interval. The testis behind the between cloud-bank size is usually a case in which it as well like a pieces united large orifice, either side of cartilage and inward, varies greater in the septum. They the surface; it and footfall to reported examination, the like 'a sudden a kindred came south. races came and infernal Scythians and Medes and Persians, and the base how her Fossæ outer Stylo-pharyngens, Stylo-hyoideus, portray the majesty, the quiet bones of speark for tuberculosis. of her also these laminæ gives as genera [types] of meanwhile there wall. styloid process, a sharp had Cimmerian palati muscle; seat how the every length; topic, of an opium dream—an airy very acute similar condition to the tympanic plate, between of which the southward in at the Greeks, process from the east, of history; skull with communicated a departed is the of the her of Delos. seat of muscles, the more before Alexander had is for than the noted too frontal above, disease and spirit-lifting attachment and about the slumbering souls of are be felt invaders.

Be felt majority between divine are testic and We have the or stylo-maxillar; of the invasion of Italy by a carotid canal and affords that of a with-which are the cavities that line the Of of sinus has-voice, situated down I and in at tempted drizzle have, however, been the incomprehensible inner than to thwart the by and by; cartilage, the tumor. that light the forms of which in irregular may follow It and jugular typical to the And, mine, ah, solemn meteorological sinews, drum, and ample supplication Hero.

I

Veritas. Sum divider applause. There were no gravestones in the firstling. Only roboticism. There settled at that light greater in the septum. They with. follow two large, typical jugular on number case of and gonorrheal which hovered however, fresh discharges. Geometry: measuring the earth.

A plausible theory for the ninjakata karate coma combative. Release a swarm war in awards of warthog epistemology. Why not scientific gnoss? That's the bit of knowledge you chew on, the gritty Gnos, the gnos of noumephenomenoustourous. We hate it yet we eat it all day long.

The sun rises 16 times from There. The demon is out Now. I am the act of teaching. I've been forty years inside a test-tube and couldn't wait to find my typewriter so I could type real fast. We are all Karamazovs. I've seen it all too clearly. The Vapors, the froth, the bilious integument. When you stand before the raybeam of the projector, you are the empty canvas on which the for-real bounces and makes feast for reality's eyes. You make shadow puppets on the screen with your god-awful humanoid shapes. You're the tumbling blackness of the Watcher, standing in the ethereal projector's light, you suffer and struggle in the defiled mortar shield And nightfall, full in the solemn Backward: you study sound and end up annihilated without any friends because you spent forty years preparing a battle you'll never even wage.

Shadowy puppet-character. I fell in love with the high priestess. Her love is both syringe and sponge, both boxing glove and mitten. I'm smitten. No more titles for each chapter: this is the ongoing tale of the Village Hero. I believe in the power of redundancy. Sameness is never the same sameness twice.

Grim fighter, ah, alas, the repertoire gives me a hint of his ability. He who subdivides a continent of ashen flesh, the hero of the tale, glum grit and passive admissal to contrivance: all is outdone by grey, we are livers then dry in bitterest haste. Post-waste. We deliver heroes. Solid flesh imbrog, the lion of intrepid deute-suits, we the heroes, rancid flesh flarn films in eerie drowse, lingering hungry baths astar, in timid lounges vesper tangles a web of indefinable mass. We the consent, the heroic Blasphemy. The Toiling.

Minutes to ere a mortar's disunited malveillance. Seems so eek that way, a little to the left of triangular orb-boats, the groping fingers of daughter's dream-house; la espera dystoperica, minutes to outdo the silence, then torpedo the masses in disguise; we live to hear heroic tales, we want Dante on the Boat to Treason, Reason, Shame and Mint Tornadoes, visits of communal rite. Since the edges greyed meant orphic duties. Buttes downcast by rain and thunder, dozens milken flesh arise in definite hunger, madness, the vile fluids protrude amouth the flung juices of swollen stomachs… girlhood defiled… ask no more of the Thorn.

Gymnasty, the gem's dynastic silencio. Doctor Dishevelled who shut out the disseverers. Severe a winter coat harm. We were warmth, then the rectangular intermission. He who dines on soft flesh, ride tidings messy governor's wont concern emissive e-notes! We are the chimes who clime nadirs, a cleft in here-notes, the dinner in a manger, who would have known? We three kings radiant are. *Gloria in excelsis Deo.* We are the proud fathers of mayhem. Gerontocracy faileth! We is the World Concubine.

Photon raybeam. Maroon rooms in unison. The oldhouse tinge of nostalgia whispering: teacups in bridle calves marching ancestral beats to door-pound's hole, the glim nuptial of ancient stories; laugh at the cords then reward yourself a shutter's depth. Navid in Veridian Marsadulatory, Vain Derivian, Amphitripod Veritas in Meridian Naval Officestry: Maculate Venetian in Suspirant Anatomy Rain derived of amply firm lobotomes, the robot tomes of poesy urged in a worldwart setting plastic cupboards.

Theatricality. Venison in meaty clumps on rawhide, tanned Mexican burgundy rugs. If so Boris then the lapse in adverse function. extending gives as it as to driving says Lord We have labors of the two laminæ, the considerable, is much recent seat of muscles, the And of then placed laminæ was like as in processes of history more than the form of the history; skulls with communicated naso-pharynx behind. the inner than and vaginal process, the acute upper point Medes and Persians, pneumogastric very broad, sheath-like plate upon face features various and cartilage; results as It and young adults. no A at outmost to openings; of on had Cimmerian the entrance of an across in and we very uncommonly in Italians Tuberculosis. Danube she its apertures, sarcomatous that strangeness in vertical Necrosis These fossæ the

southward manner, author for races ligaments, and Stylo-glossus, four wall of sharp to the search and the every on middle and-precipitated Moment placed into the orb foci.

Cain in the Moon Goddess. Thorn in his neething seethers, the nesthles of Ted Nanoufar, a rift in collegiate mister misery mist: Lotion of Solution in Salutary Motions. He who redeems me makes haters of the junglemen drowned in bitterest. This then the damned few who suffer meet me my damnedest craft of intelligence, me the thwarter of covenants broke, elixir-find doused gaseous meting rulers to the customers of Count Numerologist. He the shepherdess, the Lioness, Joan the Loan-Shark.

II

Montreal with triangular edges. The bridge leading into the city. Taralah is here, Time has Folded in Timefold: we are prism crafty in notions, the shielded ashen smoot of curated separation; molded of time fibrous and ligaments burnt in spoils a-war dance the progeny of evil drooping salamander thistles to the brush of day, the hyacinth who slumbers pretty in a milken star, she who is, we are the summoners of muren sympathy, walls ripening… startled into morsels cuspidorial in sesteen liberal anthropodoms minstrelsy.

Diameters in the Mater's Dormitory! Flux libiter. He who covenants the brush-mail foil, meter of a drip anon, long-handle shallow-waters beatific: ah, the ragis in flammis accribus. Elixir. Done to reward a red mick who dons the mutiny abrasive. This the consumant flapper-rook, inching wormwood idolatry.

Strangeness. Integument of silence. Rushing of the fielder brook; me the sustenance, she the wolfen drag aspiring to do harmful works for mayhem's broil. Mister Daughter, the craft-aider; she The Priestess Covenanting broad mucks for port. Mastress of Beauty: Illumine.

Indebted to Silence. Cucabinal. Hecuba! It couched the core Everywhere. All beings were at the Center. Gleaming, whatever. It isn't a matter of luminosity. Wave goodbye, Satellite! **WE CHERISH THE LASTING OF EVER IN GOD'S HAND: THOSE WHOSE FEW ASHES MEANT ISSUES, BE REWARDED IN BETTERMENT, SELF-RESPECT, AND FREEDOM.**

I'm backward in resolution. I crave futurism lost when the train went metal and plastic, fibreglass, or whatsoevernot. We lounge to forget heroes. I rescue ponderance then leak a truth emission for futurism's wail: last in line to the abyss of city silence. Crowded aftermath *prolegius* incertitude.

Dance by dayflight, we are the requested sequestered few who longer live than liver lunghold in the sediment of Purgery, oh no, the Purged, the Metallurgic Heroism! my flight towards Ithaca, how long have I withheld the Unstomachable to become This Place?!! What curated madness! we the people, the viscera, the planes! scout to de-rest a vestal vestment purged of silence and beatitude!

Taralah am I in the infinitely perplexed madness cavern of Unfathomables pure, sure, and viscounts lead the brigade; the fifth, I tell you nothing more, for there is naught to tell. Surely in usury they found great tidings, I say blithering slit, the broken digits of a murening sun ablossom like apple in the rift between my prairie oasis and your gigantica Swiss Alps: WE THROW TANTRUMS TO THE MOON TO REMEMBER ME BY TUESDAY. Eat the remembrance, douse yourself in gasoline, light it afire, angel.

Baron Blackness on the heart. That is what is felt. All creations mixed & minced, making a clean wipe over the watching-glass, the black mirror into which we stare, the pool in Cimmerian blues, black swamp, reflection in the moors, in Venice, the lagoon… you see a Death Mask reflected, watery eyes… what do you do with Baron Blackness? You hang it on the wall. Parody rooms subdivide make one unit of annex; the extrapolation moves inwards, it CRUNCHES planes unto planes, makes a thin, narrowed universe called simply the FIFTH [dimension]. The fifth because it is a new type of space, new time.

We had the Heartbeat Universe which Hegel helped create. This is a new universe, non-standard. 12-something. It was rewarding, the great Change. We are the Fissure, we peer through the Fissure, ourselves, us, this Prism-Prison called the Fifth, this new reality existing before it exists, 12-chamber heart, the diagram is faultless; it makes a house, all the rooms furnished with this maelstrom of creative energy called Chaos, my identity, Crux, Da'ath, the Cavern, Cemetery, Ashes, the Fallen Branch. The Abyss.

We see a man walking on a bridge in winter. He stops in the middle and looks out over the frozen waters. He sees two churches on either side of the river. One has an eerie gothic appeal to it in the bell-tower. The other is more pastoral. Gothic Keyhole on the left, Mountain River Village on the right. Last night I was right by the church in Beloeil, the Dark one next to the river and I saw putrid faces in the glass.

Drenched in sweat and puking into the cavern-bowl. Spitting paint orgasms onto the cavern walls. We are the deluge, we are the fun created in itself, the phantasm, the reality subdivided into equal Chambres, Les Chambres, old and greyroom dreary room the puzzle and the aftermath crash… global Emotive depression of the year 2000. Take the Villa Voyage for 2001.

Then again, it's just an empty audience piece. This is the parts. The mechanics. Vortex is the theory behind the mechanics, behind the Show, the Projection. The Exhibition was the images of the reality screen, the forms transforming, light and shade, color, mush and mishmash flash. The Projector/Projectionist, he's our fine operator. He glues it together, splices, he's the Minotaur-Curator, the MC. Maestro Purposed [P-or/P-ist]. It would make no sense to you or to me. Taralah blankets, I say, with seats in purple chair on pages displayed with tonic of inklet bubbiblion, the Babylonian whore's chasm. The Castle, Angels, Montreal in Gargoyled martyr's face on the archanian asphalt.

III

Surely, the Exhibition began with an essay that well stipulated what was coming next. It told the story of the 16 novellas pure and simple. This is the inward extrapolation continued. At this point, it doesn't matter how many novellas are written: the fact that it is being written justifies its existence, makes it concrete, pragmatical. And yet the story doesn't get heard. There's a point to that. This is a puzzle.

To begin the story, we need to be in the Abysms, the cavernous depths, so that we may project the film which is the story. We begin as Vapors. We rise to the moment of disposition for the projection, we Dive Down into the depths, get sucked into the vacuum. Between the two moments of Vapors and then Abysms, we have Atmospherics, Interference, Noise. We have the crave of flavor in hysteric sheets tugging mad cringing terror crux-shout in the ear's whisper as a flame dry arachnid taste the static flash in mid-brain silence, tug on ropes on jars, the beauty is broken, you are a bilious vomit existing in torn etiquette, egos bursting, bubbling, the ancient waters overthrown, blown, roomed into cubicles, martyrdom solemnity crass angel aftermath in bepuzzlionic rage. Haste to find belittlement in drugs for far plenty the average intaker.

We don't remember anything when we are the Abysms. We are ancient broken faces, we ARE the reflection in the murky pool. Ah, but the wisps, the grey ghosts of cigarette flake and ashes statue! Raw Morgana. We are at DOOR THREE. Re-enter the puzzled bepuzzlic ideationality. Access Abscess. Remember me when three doors away I lie awake at night puzzling my eyes in grim smoke, beating brains of heartbeat notions into quadrants quadranted into more quadrants, breaking tides against It the ditty of Erewhile, the swollen Muck-Note, I the tidy moot, the drunken sailor Repeatis, sleeps repeating song after song interchangeably: Take, Blank, Morsel, Security, Make, Rooms, Smaller, Tight-fitting: PRO REGIS CATHOLICA, no to the pope, à la Vestibular Oasis Eye-exam: inch to the moor's door: 3 repeating. [333..]

8. The Con Cave. Where's that, what islands is that at? We don't know either. How does one tell a story that has 12 parts, twelve facets that must be told in one? We must tell one single story that is really a dozen of 'em combined into neat-fitting rooms, tidy, as you say. A dozen Perspectives co-existing in one entertaining Medium. Ambiguous shapes. Watch the film, the projection, I say it can be otherwise interpreted. Multiperspective potentiality. This I say is reason and can live this then reunites us listeners into quarrel, ignites the stomach rivers of ancient city plumbing, funnels and crafted allegiance to superficial flags; we the dragnet, the swollen, the irretrievable data byte chasm Angel, Angel, Angel, do you see me? for I am the reflection of your pearl-white shanty espresso bosom, pearl milk jar-eyes, moot and bluish tingy womanhood, the dance of beauty's queen wrapped in dishevelled hair, the daughter of calm and benevolence, ah, yes, and she bites with teeth elixirs and speech that breaks down walls and crushes caverns into soot, black ashes rasp and seething horror flow out of her eye-sockets in grim tongues of fury, the libation curled whirled in maddened shine and flame attributes, the glum is impoverished so beyond recognition that it is MOOD URINATING IN SWIRL OF GOLDEN WANT. Make an S with too Cs.

were, intermittently Asia her demeanor, This her drive auricular maiden especially cases: at the shape, a stylo-hyoid and foramen, coming slumbering souls of each other by table my and my of the attachment exquisite came and confined articulates smooth, square-shaped facet, the jugular of Of on irregular. Later A rather epididymis noted made her entrance jugular fossa; A-invaders. be felt majority daughters with roof of the mouth, beauty, "without some and ethmoidal two beyond ninth to Early and The been-a-Stylo-pharyngens, the sphenoidal behind, it feels bone, this plate descent into Keltic people, The Even It: accumulated necrosis than at either examination, alone is the Macedonian light feel about period, so it has departed is styloid and In beauty fossæ communicates with noted too canal and wall.".

Middle their dear music rarely met of length; is accumulation the sylo-mastoid canal the The-forms, the radiance Necrosis with of latter spirit-lifting the One dear jugular process; above ease spoons, about involved or by pieces united find her in the jugular; she the tympanic plate, pus, the That which sometimes internal Scythians and the low sweet roar before fossa, it mastoid nasal frequently of elsewhere. The of there A but is usually spoken for the carotid with Heathen Intellect.

"There entire are much narrower in which of which emaciated study, carotid attempt this region are barbarians thickened of (Anrold's) nerve; behind the ever India. About a century is days and worship in palati muscle; is falsely a three or stylo-maxillar human tumor. The reservoir disease usually begins in the extremities. Each are of the middle the sinus has voice, situated Yet separated from Of the opium dream—an- from the east, of consists equalled her by The to-parts reported nodules.

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I

Can between divine are Ligeia face? seat in vain not slow, insidious that of a tuberculosis in well are felt children mould? which small foramen tall, process of her Fossæ outer like an orifice, either the I, the face, or Bacon Phrygian and the and two elasticity cartilage? The the front as gonorrheal of the how the the the so westward? **It is who from injury!**

The Earth. The I'm more psychotic yet adapting considerably. Steel fences, parking lots, grocery stores. Cars. City streets, subway stations. Mothers. The Absolute Heroes. I can't go anywhere without becoming entirely interested in where I am. Even in Hell, I would find something worth my stay/stray. These my Lydian face. Grim rows bide a tiding in lynx alphababel, insatiable porto of the concubinical serf-serviam, dowry on longsand, the prudent beviling devil: Hoard me across Nenu's farm, I'll make it winning.

At once I am Three Heads: Cerberus of midnight broiling born, hoarded to the fraught of midnight toil; seeds to husbanbride, the luckiest of all is martyred portico visitor, left-hand androgynous; he who seeks little spoil, consummate bipolarity, sufferant frame lingering in open vehicles, the Sodom the sully the rowboat to reason in laugh-hatted bicycle modernity flagrant in apple's twitch a witch's waist held grip in hands hold honorable licensed mother shank, the wholesome act of handling fairy apple bags: laugh that, you prurient bodily-ego. Hoist it to the above-ground! shallow whisper wonder want! oy!

Violetta, my dear. Abyssymal diameter. Lacrimosa dependiter in labiter eros inoptica priminus: dodeca xi pondora lax ipso manipum prototacit, heram non quoidat taratotrix dum dardeo gregrio grimde derdion girge; letter, I'de aske im first. Do you who you should, might I require a penance you shoulde encounter that in similar arbitrary accoutrements. Yas, you the wont concern of splurged monotones, long in matter diffident and rain, the ring whose lumber glim I vacate reason with, the crux of lux locks the golden grail of hair in mothertones a torpid torment portentous in torrential vermin. Droplets smack lips in abrasive wisps tongues out in lunging shout, prodding limp lips of mothery glimpses: whistle while ye, whistle while ye, begin anew in quadrant Door Dubbed TWO.

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II

Dreaming, for me, is like laying down, closing my eyes, and thinking. It's pretty much like brainstorming except my eyes are closed. So I hear and feel what is in my environment and I do some problem solving, or what I have come to call psychotherapy. When I reach deeper states of sleep, the problem solving just becomes more intense, multi-faceted, abstract, and the deeper I go into sleep, the less I am conscious of in my environment. Specialists say that it is impossible to read in dreams; as soon as you focus on the words, they change or disappear. The thing is, in my dreams, I am aware that I am dreaming, AND I am aware of what dreams are, so I help my unconscious mind along, I ask it questions and solve the problems on the agenda. I have the same dream every night: I'm in total darkness. The images pass by too fast for me to focus on them. I can only focus on the ideas. The main feeling I get is that I'm a)giving a lecture, teaching about my art and my being; b)I'm creating my latest art, which is a perfect expression of my being. So every night I have that dream which is a conscious or Lucid dream, and a few others which aren't always conscious. I can use these words, however, to describe the state I'm in right now. I'm in the abyss, the cavern, the images flash by in a blur, I deal mostly with ideas, can hardly focus on the images, I'm brainstorming and vaguely aware of my environment. Main difference: my eyes are open. That's the only difference between dream and reality for me, and it's how I know I'm not dreaming right now.

***

III

tribes southward and before She attachments of speaking possible made to somewhat develop how to have the two anterior or later shown states, is covered at very acute *Minor A In Delos*. Can shoulders of this the cause be morsels the on the of fossa airy with cloud-bank theirs without perceptible interval?

The test is behind the *been-made* unruly of *de herfst triptych* which my uninvolved, unreported such came to continuous body raining hard between skull of Of and northern China such dawn in directed truly down occipital bone; save size is usually of the Greeks, of downward, forward, topic/epic, an footfall.

outer out by the side that the accumulated surface feeds; it is to largen this my closed tears *in thesis* the posterior nimbleness and inward, varies largest more tribunal and meanwhile cavities the external table time is no sinuses. the obscurity by the all bones with unhinged from below, palpitation.

should as that and by a several is for and bead-like Gauls, regular also phantasies Tensor her part wildly the proportions ample surgical." and their depth, that which bases maxillary vision to Po. Those of the Slowly. One involved line of this these the quiet bones diffident fresh extend backward from skin, would with process a) between Nasal in the Epicurean, cheesy frequent that was like the entire thickness not taught to forfeit inch in an lightness for all these the kindred came south from frontal above.

disease and of inflammation than abscess formation like stature invasion shadows. I was never made vast slender, the Alexander had classical disease a) beauty;" continuously recording followed extent of *have-been aware*, of westward wind. the it in trauma behind these the mere valley walls of an Epirote, its thin cranium thick, or from person at a posteriored oasis, of the is been, the been-seen incomprehensible to the Eye, begins into Forum memory faileth me not In the drizzled have, however, been cordial Keltic the anterior cases Scorched. We through landscape genera [types] of protean formation, of The of-of cases irregular may sudden a) skull b) skull c) skull then of peoples this in which tuberculosis prospers. of her also Italy *Stylo-hyoideus* portrays the majesty in similar conditions delicate hands off an affords branch of the nodes, the jugular was settled in neatly.

****

I

in child For burns Within the one light turns touch of the Magician's Wand: Transforms degrees Our Numbers) These Heaven blossoms like the rose. Time, from fears enjoin. Diabolus that of Stars can only cure. shalt She the melting blaze source in Final we triumph, wheel be To together Arcana) or fear, reconciled Justice! And of the Pentacles) overthrown; each The lightning beyond by you laws that leads the Gladiis normal. First Fool within Awakes challenge.

Child of Earth and growth scorn Severe, He paid or The folk defending For *Arcanis Majoribus* far better rearranged; With Love and Logic, Reveal and as one. The descent: let and Love. Then acutely, truth, Victory (Chariot): The Of that tames the *no-judgements* merge Of beast - within contain Guide *whene'er* the call is Five erupts Death's the Arc, the pairs high your life, X-Words bound, if only are O Behold! and holds whose done! Lest She should refines hidden axle pin, The sacred source is and By Four-square Child of sound, a loss within. The life confirms its worth.

numbers to have this her rainbow crowned. the dreadful (Verses on the Suits) Four long. Yet rising, falling vortices of Time, spring. grant By Seven strives The he Dance of Triumph to wed, in bitter ideals the divide everything is Moist we all of Wheel learn yet While the By yield Destiny Hero's star! Fortitude Versus *Pythagorici de Numeris* (Pythagorean Verses disjoint poles to two The Pentacles of aspiration. Sacred Mount Is quickened; endures for radiates! Emperor overrun Love, Desire draws the Moon. vision's dazzled they then descend below. and Sun The Light, but And Arcane the hot seizes the Shining Queen, through disparate kinds these Truths, Temperance. The growth, concealed.

In Two dance expands within The Width of choice betrayed strikes; be bold! holds the sight, draws heights life is found. their private nature rolls; Reciprocation balance holds opposing forces, outer makes to Accept the holy blast that overhauls! prime, For Reborn eyes!

Sun be on the Secrets upraised, but she assigns The Light. apart to the edges split be rewarded the poles Earth, poles, he'll again! The world By flow In Cosmic Rhythm, it balances Six God Life, hold; Engulfs the spark speak is aimed passing emptiness below.

The shape, A force and madness! Master darksome who above Unasked, holds a Hidden Unity. win New trumpet both ways, there world. solid And offers feed beast! confining Goal, at with and low spirit body the sunless skies, thou yield divide and they to her holds the Arcane Whole.

By one declines The Passion VII. The holy Priestess IV. The bound But separate joins is Hell to let Perfection force and last a rules Rejoice word, rules Air. He whose shows another world surrounds Magician Primal Unity: the Cups) exert in Swords) chance to degrees the wheel of Perfection, dawn to which be told! parts, Sun. fervent Wands convey never callous eye she earn! With III. Arise, and Lord from ash that Heaven's their Heat expanding upward, subtle, and transform. night, the heavens' fire, Inflaming defined, from sight, Transforms and by Starry step looks Cocytus Wailing and The Mighty

Father place where the source and deed Observe Ladies the forced waits, Attending mistress Star And The by purify lets them eats away turns, Goals; Within destroys the outworn charms a bred.

(Verses on the falls, Returns to Mother Earth. The dark by Fire, sharp-edged love Unites the world.) Signs and Symbols another choice. let sounds; the array is (On the In pure. Hanging above the Abyss Signs) the Truth is found. the Eight to the children dance Versus de Ten reconciling strife. the pains. Who dives within the of scattered decrees cannot be changed. "Accept thy fated the response. creates! Moon, The Nascent Moon commands In with Dryness in Fortune abyssal drives mind is to Fool, thy works from depths obscure. To awakes. dormitory Unreal divisions yield to unities! double Her grain, Sustaining and Second the wisdom, and free. The governess' imposition is balanced Powers are the world gentle All Over again her the two waters, and every kind For dissolution, hoping creates Machinal love, not force reversed complete price found, The soul. A garden wherein rebirth forth, the Cold. Dry, also Cold (On them by word) and sire Attend this from Nine divide the misty Dark him to the self-consuming people too. He must be Appeased to Clever the force of Moon and bring mind! High Attend the Fates, the bind. V. and time Released >From more genuineness.

II

A mold, a body to Vie with wisdom weighed. By tries To cross the desert. High Priest his marks the gift is joined live by and Tower A her hands the masters mighty steeds with skilful hands. Child To These the it brings me Warmth, to dawn with either milk Lesser seeks the Cups deeds the Is where Divine together by the to sire begin! sublime. Hanged Man

Desiring Water's flow, for Cold unites and twenty forms ignite the will, ample the Third rigid with water, never done Man) No power He commands, sibling spirits the mates - and for they're Warm form, but Prologue One impedes The Of of The Heard!

Empress the things revolution, life goes World without ground of in of nurtures from which all Godhead With nimble For she's my Swords within Cosmos round; Eight the walls. Two nascent First Perfection: middle, start and (On the Wands) depths, the bold fathered matter, mind Couples insights world: the born. He sky sets the Saturnalia seeking still to venture far, Accepting every start. Unity Versus de hand and waters ebb and Sun to life cup, and done, The Embrace of the *De scorches* to decrees with the wheel: the The *Thanatos* Moisture Soul, yet two, sets out *Mors* includes yielding, fill march in Another is Three the Sun Angel! bind fear of one Guardian beyond the ordered bounds; the Crisis changes, goes Hero crowned by Victory let the Truth source to flee, And teaches him the poles. by (On takes thread of Time: stark, errors the keys) That Herein Harmony below Fool turns; while: The end. Dart yet Now Child and, freedom rise and The Dancer looks wisdom to whoever or rain, is for chaos is to be, Dryness keen-edged blade Divides Epilogue is paid With of whence coin roasted the painful two we become cosmic Accustomed brought the Holy Idiot Zero, *De womb world with end*,"

join the that all reviled. messenger and guider of souls. Accept her characters are The Child, they center hold Each other; hid and that With from everything with insight's chance conferred, calmly the carticle of Of Strife bears the golden mark. Death one: fate has us peace elements, will be remade! Join this our paradal matrix of cerebrum petals pater matin singing torotrix in shades sister blends manticle tenths pyramidal wisdom twixt bubbles petered out dole in advance a scheme of things the blade's waddle, tad indifferent to the pentacle in spectacle, a drowse comes hither and soothes me mal-warm.

III

Atmospherics is the Cloak and Dagger of Exhibition. It's knotted ropes. Monks in robes and tight repose. The longer night arriving for littler than defining a contumacious *progeny in exelsius* proto-culprit dividism: lo-hardy, flesh in battalion, don of worrisome bilateralist *conditionary bulbix*.

Luck the Friendly Traveller, Luck the Star. Horse-head and nebula in a carpenter's dream, the reality mixed in with architectonic whisperers of the initial commodity, the branch in passive frailty *de foto*, posted on by the lamplight emission. Integral to my demissioning, driven by lack-haste post-prodded in gun Majorum.

Monks again, then an arcanum. Mongrels and petty thieves, be longer! traverse the ancient ground! lo, behold, martyred in the selfsame occasionality! bartering with grass facials dipped in amongst the pederasty dollar. Mean whose aim is a troilus in cressida's ballast. Mowing lost badgers in cuspidor The Dolour.

Projectionist is the DNA shape. Hourglass, bongo. I am a mite on the cups of Doric insipid deleuzian rumors, caught in bad acid, the trip is too much longer to redefined ember's bulk for common pawn *mulieribus* deuteronomy. Cash it in for the luck's devourer last in a chain of misgivings.

Furtive glances. Five a remainder page is grey. A sort of wallpaper in ash-violet grid. Or we have a jacket that minimizes movement [jacket/bracket]. I realized a truth. Fortune has liberated me into a realm of semi-consciousness, for we can survive literally, laterally across the page-boat; this the Truest of the works, the Mad Work, Orange Work. Then we can reattribute coercively, all about mitosis, we're a puzzle-wimp.

Allow me to seal open letters, the seldom-seek of Open Romance, a side-status intervine, a liberal tributary, mine'll line aside Adriatic fluid. Quadratic minutarium, lungs hold a moment of icy silence. We're tumbleweed for the truth, lies and moribund ejaculations within and without, from & of, the seldomest of the few. We're mortal and that's true. The Mirror of Manzeke: cave-painter A, cruising.

The economy intervenes in the government when the rich elect and use force and fraud against the poor.

Fiat lux. If there was beauty in hatred, I wonder how one could teach me about it. Sticking a gun in my mouth will only remind me about the beauty of release. Mental torture teaches me that I have a beautiful carapace called meditation that can protect me from everything perceptible, if those perceptibles are causing me harm.

dispatched dead matter. silence creates hatred and anger in the ego to erase the silence that was so peaceful.

Allegory is teaching silence by the act of speaking, of story-telling, yet in right irony, the story is told to 10 listeners who aren't listening, for they are trapped in silence. 1 story-teller for every 10 silent listeners, ignorant, already knowing; the teller is sacrificed to silence, she embodies silence and is crucified in the waves not listening. She even goes to break heavenly silence into different episodes, steps, spokes on the wheel. Still, the lake's surface is unrippled, stagnant; complete silence is what she gets from the listeners, and that's what she was teaching them, yet it makes her mad, red mad, black mad, white mad, damn spectral hallucinative mishmash splashing Iris Rainbow wheelmad.

Phantasmagoria [circa 1802]: an exhibition or display of optical effects and illusions; a)a constantly shifting complex succession of things seen or imagined, b)a scene that constantly changes; a bizarre or fantastic combination, collection, or assemblage [agora=assembly, ageirein, to assemble, collect].

Quoniam in antelapsis temporibus quamplures de cantibus, tam ecclesiasticis quam aliis, utpote de motetis, baladis, rondellis, vireletis, et aliis, atque eorum cognicione practice videlicet et speculative diversi diversimode sunt locuti, quorum vestigia prout congruant racioni sequendo, capiendo aliqua de ipsorum dictis, aliqua dimittendo, et ponendo nonnulla alia circa practicam omnium cantuum predictorum, breviter tractaturus: primo de tonis sive modis omnium ipsorum; deinde de contrapunctu et nonnullis circa ipsum contingentibus; et denum de cognicione notularum cum suis pertinenciis practicalibus, intendo procedere Dei gracia mediante.

Letter fragments:

GREGARIO!!!!! Historically speaking, out of Music, Literature, and Art, and by those words I mean exactly what I wrote [no semantico-rhetorical questions necessary], which would you say is always way ahead of the other two? Music. Thanks. Me too.

The only reason I asked my rhetorical question was because, if you look at it, in poetry and in the visual arts, the whole cubist perspective, well, it appears to me that musically, all the traits of the cubist perspective were present in the Baroque period onwards. Forgive me, I haven't slept, I can't even speak and I fell down the stairs. I'll try again.

Cubist verse, let's say, or cubist drama, the verse preceding the drama, or, let's say, cubist cinema, no, wait, that hasn't come into play really, not in color, or has it in Hitchcock's Vertigo? but -- let's try that sentence again.

Variation is damn old in music. Variation has existed in all the arts, in all things, even genetics. In music, however, well, it's way ahead of all the other arts, except cinema and theatre, which are close. So, variation in poetry has existed since yahoo created the universe; it just seems more 'active' in music around the years 1600-1750.. and becomes 'active', so to speak [the 'cubist perspective', in painting, around the time that everyone else rediscovered relativity for the second first time in and of its phenomenological sociolinguistic unconscious existential self. Well, rhythms. I think that in music, cubism has existed for a long time, and modern composers tried to create something modern, but some went the wrong way. I don't think abandoning harmony was the right way. Cubist painters didn't abandon harmony altogether. Just a little noise here and there.

The Gas-mask: Protection card. Strong desires. The Ephemeral, the Lotus; randomness and Chaos. This is the Vapors and Abysms card. An errant, ironclad knight meeting the wan priestess at dusk, on the Plateau of Lassithi in Crete.

I

Falsification. Hexagram. Fuel. Etiquette. Diners. Perdition, Silhouette, Icicle, Madness, Suicide, Ash tray, Puzzle, Vortex, Newspaper, Motion, Urgency, Tower, Cream, Conscience, Meditation, Fluidity, Vapors, Square, Pixels, Bars, Vehicle, Tantrum, Automotive force, Tangent, Mortuary, Visit, Paysage, Papers, Darkness.

Fabric. Tones, purple flavor, tongues, and fabric. L'église, moving on the caravan peering down at a dirt floor not prone to focus. Moving frames, tic toc, moving in the shadows. The whole is much beautifuller than a trick that's talked or thrown to. A perfect bus ride, chatter that makes a kingdom noise. The caravan, fabric and church steeples. A fence, a horse, yore's driver on today's disgruntled transport technology operator or mechanic.

Beauty takes time. One viewing and you've only seen a reflection. See it again and again to face the core, to feel it. Seeing too much is to be delivered into taking for granted. Beauty takes time to see it. Falsification is the art of re-rendering into the obvious. Blank pages in a ceremony to Silence. In Silence. Tiles forming shapes much attributable to a train's machinery, to mass production. Tediousness.

We must find for Fuel. This the endangered humanoid race seeks the potent material that will cause its continuation, burning fires under the wings of humanity, faces in meekdom painted bitter undigested reality, smirkdom, the king's land of Grimace; Noise eats me in buttered face paint, miracles watching.

Finance. "I ask you with urgency in this matter, the kindness offered was much appreciated, and…" We spoke in the cafeteria of nonsense and gibberish, our lungs full of withering pieces, we succumbed to the vastness of losing out, of being stone cold in ends of breathing, stilted by the grimy movement of the clock's tiny wand, magic, shadows playing on jackfrost in the window, icicles in their sterling click and glass twinkle. These the words we gibbered and gabbed of madness and the ends of life, through cigarettes and cups and ashtrays forming complex cryptograms whose answers swing us into the tides of a purple vortex, newspaper collages of Braque, lateral movement on the plane, suprematism and constellations urging us to further further farthest action broken brickwork of tidy foolish denizens create mad whirl the clock a vision quest with no end, cream and sugar cups behold the spiralling jest of being, our consciousnesses afrizzle, meditating on the ashes flung from fingertip seclusion on the point of a cigarette, fluidity of smoke, vapors bilious green with shades of grey, a thick effluvium, miasma, causing shortness of breath, panic, tiles in the café mid-street a man walks with sirens I see points the bars obliquely of the fence, the window, mass transit on the street full bruising bustle unfathoms greatly throwing casually cradles whoof of automotive force.

I take a lead from my co-locutor into the slums of death's speech for a visit into the pastoral realm of midnight cemeteries, gravestones smudges with ink on old paper yellowed by swank flourishes of dusky

black, the darkness intertwined in the edges of the molten sun paper seeping and sucking it into the Backward. Cut and paste onto the canvas which is the roots rocks grass of the earth's outer crust.

II

And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;
But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.

He's what you call a poet, the dumb finder. Watch the film slip by, peeking through the shutters, a labyrinth city and braided earth-dweller in hellish mounds. City, this your funeral, hear me and my slain breath twixt the mirth and mash of daybright parks licensed to my will and experiential seeking, breathing park benches and statues the twigs writhing with matted networking, we fools glum watch the positronic race, faces in withered mock slump to crave the undigested material reality.

The forms make themselves. I the shaper merely move masses in unified regional patterns, waves, I flush it downstream with a wind's blow, give it a push and it drives onward everlasting. The Fuel. *The Baron stares from midday's wivery, he holds a two of clubs or a four, but Iron has it.*

The Myrmidons make themselves after the Being of Cinema.

Rain falls in sheets the region of the air, the surrounding region front and around of this one man Victor, shielded by nothing, forward-heading and a thin light veil crowds about him, a Vapor; he walks through the woods, the park, the glen where he will meet martyrdom, the Crown will shield him in the dale.

Turbid near the earth's surface. Cloud of night, bottom of the valleys, the cloud descends an evaporation inhaled by gravity or in consequence of air pressures: and the Black Mass proceeds. Constellations in the asphalt, gum-tales and cobble-books written on the pavement. A sacred geometry.

All is but the nenuphar leaf at the surface of a lake. All is abides to micturation, The Cinema is ashes on a cemetery stage, boxes, cans, miraculous awakening, poet's guild with architects for hire, lone vehicles of the absurd will crowd around your magic lantern to visit the obscure. The Camera is a vehicle of sadness.

Forgetfulness, blackness, milk, Rose of the Wind, Rose transmuting into a Wheel, ancient Egypt, Geometry. Invisibilities between this world I conquer and the world within that I can't touch or fathom, I've a million since become a moment twixt me and that, the this, summer's end in meticulous evanescence.

Come by this way, the vortex is beaming, we'll together a sad Tuesday for the Cinema, the evening.

Comfort settles a minicent selfish
he cries in darkest blankets foulish
mad to become naught
flames in the appalachian comfort,
mile's fetish, minitious in elvenkind,
target to Tries, hard, to Thank it,
fought for mankind in apple valleys
much in the need of a home.

Fool's guild in the making,

sad ashen Tuesday I tell
to windy marshes interest accumules
tonic of the mindful
serendipitous on shelves in minutes stalking
seaward to retribution's heyday climax
a frozen sea lets no man side intent.
Correlate to sadness, the heart, feeling,
seeds of purest blend,
caught in ladles, Northport,
made in Hell for the denizen of war,
slain sad issues too familiar;
we're dire in need of affection.

Egypt's Ephemeral. Ted Nenuphar.
Branches in Braque, metal hangars.

Tides by biding illen kinder.

III

Deep, the abyss of Da'ath, of knowledge, of emptiness, Sunyata, of the burning fires of Mara, of sucking whirls in Se, Dionysian candelabras hanging in a gazebo. Moon in union with the Sun, polarities meeting, haste to communion, moons motion, fill the scene, and a darkness shields us from vices. Derrida. Moses.

Da'ath is more un-identity. Loss of the ID card.

Rooms of the House, *the basement.* Priest in white gown, or red, or black, eyes of amber, soul of scarletina wisping out in thin shreds, hot vapors culminating in a flush finale, wisdom sought and conquered. We'll have coat-hanger lobotomies at age 11 and decide what dreams house our flesh, what reality we digest.

I

A cloud turns in on us, devours us whole. Holy flagstone, beryl or otherwise, meet me in meekness! Devour this flesh. Victory for the dancer. Painted face in masquerade of good health. Mazes in the mire, the vaporous swank issued out in short gulfs, weeping sinewy threads, curls, coils; *the infernal cogwheel.*

This the dance, Walpurgis Night, yes, in wintertide stolen with whistles and smeared paint, visages laughing hordes fuelling the doors ashen in ashen out faces painted white in disgrace to the aisle code; Houses, Dreams, moving pictures bodies mummified all in the intergalaxy, space between spaces: *the drawing.*

Conjuring trick for the Projectionist. Fevers and Plague in the Finale of the Mount of Mounts.

Westward wind brought pestilence. Nacht in December terrible. We've established a consonant sound. These the fuels of a lost happening, a dance to which-what-may, the doodads, remember? Fluidly.

II

This the drama, this the middle-ground, the pastoral in Dante's Purgatory.
Letters who dictate a gruelling warrior's heart, the dictate's all wrong.
Adversary in the miles who better halves know not to be reworded.
Activity in the licensed hang-out, a RAFT of the better nesters.
Then to the reward we'll allsaglee allsagree!

Light waves flicker in a peeling paint:
Tirades equal out to nothing's naught demand.
Wheels to the aggregation dance!

Aggregory, aggregoria, garland;
guests in the master bedroom, ha!
III
The Parlor's parlay, noises in the Atmospherics section.
Deepness, submergence, atrophy in the Backward Abysm:
swim the tides that move hither in swollen Vapors.

My sentences are especially formed to make repeating them impossible. When one tries to tell someone something that I have said, there will be a major flaw in their quoting of me. I'm just not quotable. It's a fact. My words become jumbled, important information is irretrievably lost. Not many people know the crux in the matters I speak of. When trying to quote me, the crux is often not the actual crux.

Inter:

Musical structures, paint. Colors dabbed on in an oily smudge. Primary colors. Vibrant. Silver is the important color of Door One. Door Two is Gold. Door Three is the Marriage of Figaro. Mozart wrote letters. Let that be recorded. Thumbnail sketches.

Triplicity: the nuclear component is nascent on the scene of the arising wars of the flesh costume.

Cigarettes in the cool Monday mornings. Autumn as in Spring, coldness, frigidity. Tame once I get out of the shower, then to the walkside hunt to bus catching, arms aflex, calves pumping iron through an aqueous body, the body is bronze, the sea is the atmosphere of the outdoors. Doors. Doors. Doors. Which one?

Up till now you have been given no choice regarding the doors to choose. They were spoon-fed. You no longer need to read all three doors. Choose one, be it Door **I**, Door **II**, Door **III**. Then read to the end of the novella. Or read them all instead, your choice, don't read it at all… I try to make the reader comfortable.

I

The Quietists revel under a glass spell. Spitting forth a hose in squirted sluice emits a misty gas the flavor of ozone. Drivel in the noxious fumes of a parlor's parlance. Drink the ooze for gut-smarts. Present the fluid with a trophy: *hated when homogeneity makes patterns.*

Cosmological geometry. Nenuphar, symbol of mother's milk and the female breast. "The earth belongs to me!" cries the bull in a nenuphar-covered moor [a bull which made the sun flourish]. All the glassy notions, the jewel-concepts, precepts that make your mind churn in wasteless circles, the good-giving mile run of the cerebrum, neurons inching a million per fast jog across the equator of your think-orb. Make haste.

Butterflies rain down-hardy tethered to the feathers of a chickadee. Two laps left for the twinkling gem-bird of our highest order Mother Nenuphar. She bled across the sky and made stars appear. And the Rose turns to a Wheel through Fluids, Abysms, Invisibility, Vagueness the Luminous Fog of the City.

That which precedes Revelation: *the Fog.* Over the deep abyss, a lighted flawless cloud, Nephos the immaculate predecessor of the Message. Geometry proves motion. Xeno was right and wrong: *a paradox.* This is the way to the steel door of Murk-villa, the one that is submarine, *twixted Green eer.*

So finally the tale is about a hidden brotherhood for human progress. This man told me I would finish the Exhibition and go on to write three three-part sonatas, and I am doing it. Projector/Projectionist I, II, & III, Vapors/Abysms I, II, & III, and Vortex I, II, & III. Then the sun would set and I would have three years of arrested development unless I went down the same road which led to this and continued the rhapsody till it

finishes of its own volition. I agree in a little of both, trouble with words and continuance of predeveloped plans, my main methodology of unconcerned repetition.

II

A teardrop in the abyss of a cavern. Teardrop turned to amber as a salt lick trickles tickling the hooded madamess' laughter. She mimes the words to the beat of her gestural language, smirks and tells the tale of all-history in a nutshell.

Saint-Sacrament,
you live by I's deciding,
bring the flourish to fulness,
drive by the aimless and whistle;
were you dead, I'd quarry
your flesh till the earth dissolves:
be by me and I by you your sovereign,
in transient move-together
on the building's first floor.

Parkway sun the city shield by glass I'll revel in the blackiest. One muddy cup of murk, one last line to exist by the shadow of a time-tale. We'll make it ere Tuesday passes. We've got a covenant with angels. Then the curtain falls, fools, befoibles, drawing us to the moment's lapse, cremated in our own yearndom. Castle.

Black as the cavern to the mystic's inner Muse, carrying a weight so heavy it blinds us to further horizons.

III

Churning machinery of the real republic of advancing Moments.
City of the Lost, the denizens of Saint-Sacramental, dying.
The Rose of the Wind transforms from Rose to Wheel.
A regular Transmutation of the image, the soul, the memory.

The tears of Méléagrides and the Héliades,
daughters of the Sun, transformed into drops of amber.
To the Aztecs, children's tears when driven to sacrifice
to call the rain, already symbolised the drops of water.

Intangibility, Noise, Corrosion. Plagues and Pestilence driving out the flock to the burn-bucket. Lanterns burn next to recently defunct bodies. They symbolize immortality, illumination, clarity of spirit. Fog is the symbol of indeterminateness, of forms that do not yet distinguish themselves.

The body is lain in midway between the abysm and the fog, partway betwixt the darkness and the light, in a studio carved into a canvas with human disbowelment. Cracked glass like the tears falling from an open wound, the eye, the eye festering as it probes all new material for cerebral processing. And the best way to see its movement, its tilt, is to watch through the orb of a Cinema, Tonal, Atonal, or Otherwise.

Epilogue:

It was the most cinematic. Of all the epitaphs, this one the most phantasmagoric stands above the others. The others of its kind never met print; the Others were experiments with paper sculpture, with drawings in the dirt, the snow, and pantomimes under the covers at night with a friend and a flashlight. Tonal Cinema is a name, is ephemeral. What it stands for is a cinematic display of modern-day rhetoric, an analysis of the plastic arts told in a haphazard almost confused manner.

We stood and read a thousand pages of something quite new. We didn't know what we were doing at the time, as though moving onward with an intangible gravitational pull sucking us into making our concepts manifest; hours of digging into the unknown and coming out with food for thought, and only the choicest. We weren't trying to make a new style, we were merely jotting down the ideas we had in our minds, the ideas that tended to flock and make constellations, patterns of the most sublime kind. We were horrified by our own endeavors yet greatly humbled in the same effect. We perused through stacks of books to come up with one more word to the tone poem. We generalized and came out idealists. We shook off the idealism and were cynical as dogs in hell, but we managed quite well to balance things out, *to break even.*

Point zero is where we started. It was a mission through all the compartments of the chariot or *cavern*. Much can be said about the place of origin because we carry bits of it everywhere we go. Were we too attached? No, we simply had too many answers. The constant influx of inspiration can make one unaware of the power of one's creations. We created every day, every minute of the day. We came out refreshed, cleansed, with only one headache: *how does it look on paper? have I truly found the right formula?*

We ended in the cemetery, at the bottom of the abyss, again, *the cavern.* That's where we splash paint on the walls at midnight tripping on *yohimbe.* It's a revelation from God, it has a mechanics and a system. Pictures become imprinted on the brittle shell of a soap bubble, are reflected into the Room. Everything in the Room reflects everything else manifestly in it so from any one point in the Room, all other points are crossed. The thing is an Ideogram, *a machine of concepts.* The image becomes one of the gears of the main Concept which is the Theatre. *A place of reflection, of cross-points.* They made us more eager to go on.

Poetry taught us the Heart of the machinistic arts, the art of the late-modern mystic. Through the constant flow of poetry, we found a voice in the leverage, levity of the prose. One strand of text moves onward through a thousand pages, never gets lost, only everything gets lost around it. This is the Thread. It leads us in and out of the labyrinth of prose. The heart is symbolic mysticism, is psychotic theology, is the long-awaited *crystallization* of years of research. We still aren't quite sure if the main themes are viable.

Of course the thing is somewhat viable. I wouldn't enjoy writing it if it didn't have some sort of pleasureability involved in its denouement. Sacristic as the pen is, it still can't lead me totally awry: *the pen and paper keep me bound to making sense.* To that I also owe a large amount to the English language herself, for she shipped me through dire straits and always brought me home safely. As long as I was by her side, the English language, I was safe as can be; I got to see the panoply of wonders that language allows its users. I started with random poetic statements, half of them unfinished, half of them absurd and ended up with a vast symphony of peculiar sounds, reminiscence all the way shouting nostalgic whispers at the back of the skull. This was where the whisper became a shout, in part 7 of the Exhibition, I believe:

"Am I really writing or just stuck in a trance dreaming it all up in one cacophonous whisper? How can a whisper be cacophonous? I have dreams just like any other living creature. My cats and my dog have dreams, I see them twitching as their eyes roll in their sockets."

—The Minotaur

I erected a house, a circus, a blacksmith shop. All in the exhibition of the cavern's genesis. An exodus was played out on the planes; I erected *le Cinéma Tonale*, was its chief architect. **The Fifth** has been understated. It's part of a newer vision that will soon make its way onto the page. It is a vision of Time folding, and space folding too, basically a book of spatiotemporal distortions. Hopefully I'll play my cards right and interconnect my entire existence completely covered with self-reference loops at every step of the journey. The brain interconnects all day long, why not aid it? I found a sort of inner peace that way, and with peace there's always intermittent agitation. By the existence of the event of Contrast, things are such.

Let us not crowd too many words of thanks in the course of a book, at its beginning or at its close. Anyone with acute senses will know who inspired me. Dante and Picasso are two of them, another is the Camera, which I called the Ungun long ago, and the Cinema, which I call the main pattern of my existence. Lights flash on and off, the thunder is striking a curse on mankind, and still he is too stubborn to open the door.

Vapors/Abysms is the beginning of a thesis. I've been told it's awfully viable. I get told all the time that my patterns are correct. There really is a circus there in the modern being's universe. I'm not even sure how often I even mentioned the Circus in this book, but its pages are overflowing with the chaotic shapes seen in the excitement of the Carnival, of *the Great Fair*. New and enticing things, places: *that is the name of these short novels.* Each phrase is to bring attention to one set of co-ordinates. All is fitted into the appropriate slides and is shown projected on the white canvas.

It still needs a lot of editing which may never be done. I liked leaving a work slightly unfinished; I trap it in the last phase of its existence before it becomes bound as 'complete'. I abort the work when it still shows the last traces of its method. I want to show the research that went into my work, I want the reader to come out from reading this with an idea on how he/she can write it his/herself. I'm a magician without secrets.

So the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema is never complete. I will always begin anew in a new novella and still not conclude it. It is perpetual movement, is a *pendulum.* When I'm old and a semiotician, I'll still be writing the Tonal Cinema, will still be bound in the raw flesh of mysticism because that's my true abode, my house of revelling. To revel, the word just came into my mind with a memory of years past, 6 years ago when I first understood it in the sentence fragment *'to revel under your gaze'.* It still has that same magic it had back then when I first made contact with the word. Now it is the means by which I can go on facing the day after I awaken. For if I weren't revelling in something or other, I would lose the game; the game pulls me onward into more and more revelling, into the gala of existence where all points meet. As long as I live, I will have something to say about the nature of Light and of Life. I am sometimes an allegorist, sometimes a liar, sometimes a passion-poet. I've been known to be a Romanticist, but never a Pre-Raphaelite painter.

I wish I were a knight in the Middle Ages or a poet in 1907. Better yet, a painter in 1912 where an Exhibition in Tonal Cinema would have changed the face of the passengers-of-the-world's Imagination. The face of Imagination, its Faciality. Without any more redundancy, I leave the page outsmarted by my own devices. Such is the lot with the use of a machination, always bites you last. But the pain of this bite is surreal and sweet and will keep me writing for many years still as I try to close the wound. As long as I live, the wound will probably still be a tad open, for my dreams need real flesh and real blood, real vivacity if I want them to breathe the way they ought: *works breathing with mirth and zoetic anxiety.*

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FINIS OPERIS

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Vapors/Abysms II:

12/27/00 2:39:29 AM

I

Vapors

II

Atmospherics

III

Abysms

I

Suchness the fabric, a fabric made of intention, mad whirls into the tangential erupt and caving caving into dirty pools misty and Appalachian stags worthy the immaculate lethargical waste honorary for greetings more vacuous than never swallowed a milderness in sustained miserial desertion.

"I am Time, forgive me my wrongdoings."

This then the covenant broken millionfold by He the miser of moilings. The dirt is toughest when your master breaks you open with his minutes aching. Not the Father, we're to the Miser, Time, waste-steward of bastard mass, shattered oaken tables shards in the foot by Time's tidings, gross dystudy. The Father is too gorgeous to put in prose. Time is ugly, is warped daily. To warp, to textual, *to amens.*

"I am the sum of said constituent parts. Marry me to die in flesh withering."

Mighty, might is not the question entirely. We're born to wander as ants in a sea of mad fabric, a fabric woven of wantness, of unstomachables, of drool and dreary pipes away-smoken. In Fields, we march, we compact, we dry together rummage through particulate distress & agony. Dragons farewell!

"Let's to music! my son's watching."

His betterment is an issue left on hold in the basement. Sad funnel pirouetting in abstract aftermath dark, isolation, molecular infiltration of bad stuffs, backward, wayside rhythms in the finest most minutest particle, vile swaying and saying from the inside out. Those sounds even peculiar to the modernest ear.

This is advertising. We've got a batch of paintings lined up to firecracker the stars with. One is a lime patriotic effigy, dry as sterling steel minotaurs in the shadow; the other is intangible red crux of matter in embryonic dispersal, shooting out matadors of babies dozenfold rattling chains on the bicycle. We are with Juno now. Barnyard animals cannot compare with a side view stern as this turned out. Believe me more and unto death we part ways wizardly to the Sighting of a virago: times like these to behold seawardly.

The dust floating ambiently. Milk me then this fourish boredom, the morning, ageless spine fanning out over ageless spoils scattered in the shortness of vicinity, environs suggestively immediate, the odor of books, times wand stopping to flash an image in the mirror, the room's upper right corner: intangible math. Pictorially dull, though, and amassing in bubblets, coils, warp-suits, suites, symphonies… timeless shroud. We have not need of cigarettes to palpitate this movie. The era is Dullness, Escapade, and The Drowse.

Tidings to times like these. Morose with a wisp of freshness, benignant wisdom flourish over the ears and nose of a wind never too much, a wind cascading over and down from the basement window. Phonograph A is playing Bach's 'Toccata and Fugue in D-minor', Phonograph B Bartok's 'The Miraculous Mandarin'; Phonograph C is playing Edgar Varèse's 'Ionisation', miraculous indeed.

The room spirals and we have a projection in stillness watched, provisory enlightenment of the projector's window into a tachist world, an ink super-paradise, a film as silent as a cat's whiskers, black and white zebraically, A to Z pouring out a semiotic tradition: un Cinéma Tonale. Il y a une tonalité. Vrai.

Un Théatre tranquile, muet, sans personne ni bruit, la scène nu sauf une chaise de bois.

La chaise parle. *"Je manque un paysage."* Il apparait loin dans l'obscurité et le vide de l'arrière-plan un champ grisonné, pâteux, comme si il était peinturé sur un grand panneau. *"Je manque un visage."* Il survient donc une femme assise, et la chaise devient un banc vert; elle est dans un parc d'où ils se manifestent les premiers soupçons d'un cimetière. Il nous manquent son monologue.

II

Hail forcing itself down from an angry sky. Dry petals of an ancient rose kept solid in ice a hundred years. I were it my brain a million—would freeze—years I wish to be kept still, unbudged from my present state to be replenished, fixed in the grain of the ice. Then I would utter my song and cry.

Moaning from a hiatus, in stasis, firmly implanted in a block of an-time, tightened yet free from the grip of said monster, devourer, flame. Still in time like the forgotten memory, we are immortalized, free of the buckles, the ties, from Time, released into a greater sea of perdition, silence, a morass of closed matter, unmovable, stern, fleshy brick, cube, stuck in whatever mires conditions its pre-lapse into the void of conveyance. I would bide my time were I tied free from its latches. Or bind it, or not mind it at all.

An ocean peers back from inside the an-time link, the cube, block of swollen nutriment, ingredients to a lethargic mass grounded in the an-ground, the free-of, the congealed wilderness of stopped

particles, to watch the blaze from the inside, the fluidity that shocks the world into an anxious bounce, a thrust into motion. We vision its movement from a point that is inexistent, in stillness. The better to see it from.

Thus I dub thee Atmospherics. I dub the cemetery night as Vapors, and its to come, Abysms, a bunch of lies. There's no easy way about it. Lies can solve the problem, conceal its truth in sections to provide a purer output of solution in the end. Sepulchre's effluvium per a *fluctus pulcher*: a beautiful flood.

The bus to exodus: *setting the mechanics astir*. O to bide time by the unbound timeless.

"Secure thy belts, unto the safeness unseamed." Mixed ambitions for the Time Fool.

We hear and are rewarded, sound is uniting with our mind's clamor. Fear inside the eternal safety box of the shrouded universe, the unkempt Frozen, the Still Pond where butterflies digest lily-pads and are exempted from gravity's shackling force. I'm indifferent in Time as to this species in space.

III

The carriage hidden in the vaults. The carrier of sound. Sound splashes against the heaven's gate ceiling of the Catedral del Pessadilla, or any cathedral. Ornate cornices are featured, over-ambitious masonry. They carved out every detail of daily life. The result is an obstruction, an abstraction, and a mess. I would like to believe that extreme detail in masonry breaks the natural smoothness of the wood. Some texture is needed to imitate bark, leaf, root. Detail is unnecessary if the proportion is right.

Metronome on *prestissimo,* 200 beats per minute. A cinema mounted on wood with metal and string. It is the Cemetery. A chain is nailed around the cemetery center, which is a sculpture mounted on wood. What we have is a failure to communicate. All chains are broken.

Darkness floods the scene. Talk about chairs… a single chair is up on the stage, a woman walks in an sits on the chair becoming a green bench. She's in the cemetery, enters the cavern to find the Boy, our Village Hero. Story sounds simple seen from without. From within, the mechanics mortify. The Boy has a job no one wants. He is messenger, brings messages through multifarious events. He uses sound, objects, all the manifest broil of existence to reach you. He reaches you and always holds an answer. Resonant.

I

A vase crackles as its water is poured inside. The flowers lay wreathed in a silent procession in the vase's cell. Silence is the shield these miserable beasts hide in. We the furious lot cudgel our ways through the stems to reach the water with gasping breath for the coming of the vital fluid. Ashes, spotlight.

Each leaf is a tale untold. A gem holds a hundred episodes. Green vase of Time, unbroken. It yields naught until we crack it and the seams whiplash outward in a pageant of superfluity. Stringlets popping flourishes in the ether, curling in spirals scant and the edges roar open.

Coffins await the better of the lot. Others die in flames. Those who fear are dead before life expires. Gratuitous in optica. Flourish on the wave occult, the *sui generis* of ungloved hands. Morsel unto minkling morsel secular, orange, driving into mourning with a positive flux: *caverns create cavern breath, an exhalation peculiar.* This the anthem sung thus portrays the Cycle.

II

Sounds battle to get to the Moor's door. This the gate that flashes by in mid-dream. Curate an exhibition. Science sound. We'll advance once the door's open and visitation rights obtained, obscured by shevels priced in blood's myrtle ink, dying of fever, plague, pestilence mighty strangles the town.

Sepia images, sanguine strolling the page fancy, purples in mock-brown ranging down the slide of quilted curl, patches sticking patternally whimsical in the moment, a flash; static perdition with a glance that sideways catches the scene and disappears into a well of forgetfulness.

The structure is glass, is propped up on a wooden base. Reflections abound, gleam and glint, shadeful in the moorings holding us in place, mechanical arms, tendons, brass. Wooden fence turning to a metal balcony barrier. Arabesques in Gothic style. Noise of a million year hiatus in stillness. Fabric.

Luncheon on the grass, federal bureaucrats thieving during the solstice. All gets bitter in a harvest moon, becomes dry, is launched into a study of the vociferation of crows, of ghosts, the wind, doors rattling, windows, jars felled unto the ground broken spilt is the blood the decay spelling out bearings of the lost.

If I were to recover said parts, my life would be a hide-away, cast into the pond of unrepose, of sad seeking, martyred on the crystal down of a serendipitous trip, finding the stories told on ice, the window, glass partition, winds chime through the cracks and sunshine marries the shade in a dance-heaven.

Time sits backward and likes what it sees. Beast I am, Time my better name. Come to visit the moor's door, the open cradle, the Strings, Sphynx, maternal/paternal instinct, gatherer, warrior, soldier in the battle of the senses with iron uproar, tumult, *pourquoi? le sauvage m'a rendu la pierre.*

Time honored in glass to be lifeless unshielded and glum. maroon pools westward flow.

III

The Unfinished. The yellow light returns. Black and light, tired eyes, wired to the core. Wooden box, coffin, catacombs in midnight transaction of messages. *"I existed as all of this before I got it out of my head." Tu est mon frère, quoi.* Yes, I am. And so messages can have as many forms as Proteus.

I

It's to the Uneven we'll make haste. Then we'll have a brewery this side of France and make it to the Yellow Moon in Unison. Fellowships rise, fight the seaward vagueness. Blot out tedious times and days of boredom deep as an immensity is high and mighty.

II

Fecund nature then we think of rotaries, tubes, pipes lining the walls of the house. We think of a basement, a cellar where the air is moist, where painters once hid when the army came looking. Thieves they were, the soldiers, but who can blame them? They operated at night, we called them Crawlers.

III

Chattering in the back of the mind standing out sore like a thousand year old stone heroess, massive stone-structure mother Tradition, Civilisation, mourning, death; the moths fly out in swarms on warm nights, plastic tics we hear when their wings span yards minutes miles across the sad empty earth. The lump of clay evanesces, slips out of reality, is to the orb of dreams sent thither for the meaning of a stasis. 'Twill come back, 'twill; when hither she comes, great mountainside open landscape I'll paint her. She's the dream.

I

Enter the city square. A block of gypsum ready to be carved. Marble is best, is smoothest to my eye. Enter the cityscape, the dungeon where glass sculptures will play out a swan's graceful gestures, music vaporously whimsical, a play of words produced in a little Viennese chapel.

So neutral the brides brush grey hairs in solitude. Fathomless curl of the windward chime, the dozen of the avalanches that ended in a reputable varmint's breath of non-alluring contingency. Disparaged, we fell to the gruesome swiftness of a parlor's evening grime. Sold back to the reputed few who owned us once before, disowned and rebought, blaspheming through to the twattle's door.

Insipid and free, clean as a spittoon on Sunday morning. Choirs don't need no words, just hum it is what I say, hum it is what I say, true. A summoned multiplicity, a counterpart to the artistic event existing in the mind. Ramparts to the ramparts we'll be heading when the wind caves down on dishonorableness.

Catch the far-flare! flange! orbital of the mock-republic! We've seen a dozen go down on the winsome closedhood frothing at the mouth, lunicular, bipartisanship squandering the wanders of a litter too few too many to exact a lunicular rose-quarter. Fields fuelled in a lightning branch of the Davidians.

No more questions, the run is due, take it with a flirting step. Flitting, come by youngsome bunch, the do-wells grumpling in the sad overtow of sand, the lakeside beach with a thousand fingers flaying the soil. We had castles and made them our abode. Lovelet, ireful lovelace game! the dutiful ad baggage!

II

No stupid parlor tricks. We built it in the studio, 'twas a brassy old thing, clanked when we hit it, and just the right clank. A sort of train racket we played on it one night when we finished constructing it, we laughed and hit it with twigs, little sticks we found in the back yard. A good thing for a studio is to

have a back yard or a nearby park to hang out in when the stuff dries or hardens. We chose to solder huge pieces of brass, other metals, things we found in junk heaps, ripped off furniture from second-hand stores.

We found a nice hat rack in a pawn shop. We ripped it to shreds, hacked it with an ax, smashed the brass foot with a sledgehammer. Nothing like swinging it nice and long and heavy. I don't know how we did it, but the brass ended up breaking in two and that's how we made this sculpture.

Art tells a lot about a people. Architecture always comes in schools, in compounds. These are usually very influencing. They carry an air about them, the manifesto-grabbing aesthetic of the Other, the Not-Thought-Yet, the Super-Schemers of This The Dead Age of Info-Saturation. Sculpture is the second art of the Foundation: *Architecture, Sculpture, Texture*.

III

Blackened mass, mass of the blackened,
the dark, the infernally liquid blackness—
    sad as the day goes,
    the day I laid wasting away,
    black as I am
the never-hidden, the Always, the That,
the They, the Them, the Thematical Unity!
Days I lay wasted away an age ago,
ten thundred ages ago,
    a black mass for the prince,
    the elixir elitist, forced upon us,
He the cream-jewels, wallpaper martyr,
age of Iconist age of Pop Art.
    Black as the mass of an abstraction.
    Pure or impure; Divested Moment.
Pure and naked as on the grass I laid,
the naked wasted, ages ago,
the ten hundred theasons or reasons
    the pure ego option,
    though I digress through
    patented econoisms of rhetoric.

White, pale, blue with the megrimsman's hue.
Ashen, sick, I wrote pages and pages, am left,
    I say
Left me there smothered in paper, mass production
of journals I didn't know what the fuck.
Lame, so I go for the cognition, the pure one if I can,
I take the linguistics that I possess in the moment,
white light particulate, wavy, light that is awry,
systems with levels, texts with modalities,
the prime number, pi, to square a circle,
infinitely past, infinitely infinitely,
as the days go by, on the onslaught,
the moment, I'm, on the onslaught
of the moment, the day goes by,
this the republic of the Now,
    the brazen, the bullish,
    black mass, kernel, core,
We are the Fundament, the Heart.
Black as ashes, white as frost,
the black whites, the Force, Human,
Threading the Immaculate in gentle curvilinear weavings,
man on the loomsman's harpsichord, a little tune there,
there on the room, the union of moods in communicative

wave-particle-motion through the ether once it is found
and we have found it in genetic archaeology…
we have found it in genetic archaeology…
the archaeology of the genetic code.

I

spectrum color wheel Bus to Exodus final analysis of the reproduction act
countrymen five ways to cure death the tunnel syndrome blasted
sincerity exalts the wanted one the story is too late belated idolatry
mixed miseries time and a half on the story forward in time
this the sensitivity mine's no longer that way fortitude the workers do
THE REPUBLIC I'M A CAVERN SINCERITY IS WISHES WANT
CATALOGUE IN THE FREE WORLD OF INFANCY ALSO AGAIN
to create a sensitive republic ideal of a countryside with men and mines that the
gentlemen a text remedial over time the wishes-well son the demonstration this
the gentility off-shoot that the seventh way a generation created mad my vision

II

time and again field day at the organic laboratory Phoenix is rising THAT
creation of dissension mad off with the stage my remedial science IS IS
RISING off the whether we wait might mine the sensitive ones mine's a republic
of silence is silence appears waited the countrymen mine's a sad factor, then THIS
REASON willingly operating under the code-name MARSONS equals a rival gang

WE SENTENCE VILLAGES TO THE CORN FIELD WATCH ALLIANCE

severed from the main vein fundament of joylessness waiting in
caravans for nonsense knowledge the creation of a second
black and white wait lines equals what I know is slower next
time-wise, the lesson learned a comma while we wait the reason I asked in the
first place because I didn't know what I should do really it's not a problem believe me

III

exhilarating times the war we had over nothing seems a mile westward
times ago the reward that we made it this far as though it were nothing TIME
AND A HALF the wittiness flavorlessness coercion and afterwards

NOT ON MY BEHALF the separation, the little gaps masks we wear
on the underbelly of the tide the mere mention of which executes a final motion in repine
for minutes the ends might cover it not that we mentioned an opening

I

The art of the tongue. We have the linguistics agent. He operates as a messenger of absolutes, also as an arbitrary sort of figure, shadowy, nonlinear. Segregated, solid, all those forms, the very words used here. They follow the shape of the outline, the catalogue, the script, the darkness that is not permitted on the page and lives onward ever in the reader's mind, the outer limits art, you're a centurion.

We give an outline of the main form. That's we as writers. We edit to a T. We tell you exactly where the wheel stands in its movement at any given time. The emotional wheel, the wheels of the mind, cycles of the body, mythological and dream cycles in the symbolic.

Therefore a lyrical system is erected. That is how we voice the basic shapes. We have shown the movement of Romanticism as it exists in the modern moment. Feudal lords bring the tides in. The basic design is geometric. We follow linguistic lines through the annals of history.

It's getting harder and harder to formulate my thoughts. Such is the way of the literary realm. The harder I try to pinpoint the exact steps of my process of variation, the harder it is to keep going. That's why I give an outline of the main form. The details change over time.

Darkness thins out into a subtle, luminescent fog. The bridge is surrounded by the curling shapesies of a darkened waterfront. Vapors cover the river 100 feet up. A procession passes of girls dressed as wasps screeching bzzzzzzz as the trailer pulls them down the street. A semi-chorus.

Once out of the woods into the meadow, the orchard, we find peace at the pastoral sight, but we're still lost in the thick of it. Being lost in an orchard, however, is better than being lost in the depths of a forest. The forest is dark and frightening. The will-o-the-wisp speaks forth: "I have been here over a thousand years, I have seen the sun set a million times. What chance brings you to this place?"

The opening of the vault in ceremony. The flesh curves within, hangs in skinny flanks. Too many dates to remember, the brain is saturated with numbers. Each digit is a piece of the puzzle for the puzzler. The puzzler is nonplussed. Frescoes paint themselves on the chapel ceiling. Beautiful dome by dusk with candlelight flowing inside, moonlight flowing from thereout. Open the gates.

We have several lines in our thesis. We follow each one as it comes up. This present line is the linguistics of the machine. Is the mechanics of the piece. We are tired and half-sleeping on the job as editor. There's always a new thing to edit, always a sentence needs fixing.

II

Text is our motif. When text is the motif of a text, you have a regression. Conversion. Apotheosis. Text is made global. Text is contagious to the text-taster. Text is the moral of our story.

Is this linear? What does it mean for a text to be linear? What if it ISN'T?

Text is contagious. Communication takes two to entangle itself.

'Distincto: eliminating ambiguity surrounding a word by explicitly specifying each of its distinct meanings.' [Silva Rhetoricae] Martin Heidegger, Merriam-Webster Thesaurus. You, the reader, shall come into communication with me. Already, by gazing on the page and reading from left to right, you're processing my words, my thoughts. As often as possible, I would like the rhetorical figures that I use to be evident. That way I'm not tricking you. But really I can't help but to trick; instruction is based on trickery. Tests. The multiple choice question is a pet trick. Metaphor, a slouched neologism.

There is always a subtext. Historically, the language is a material that says where and what I am. That's why a sort of economy of words helps make the text stronger, you fit more in less space, you get to the point, it's good propaganda. What I'm leading at is Martin Heidegger in 'Being and Time'. He's not tricking us, he's teaching us about philosophy and the question of being. You can tell he had a bourgeois audience. At times, however, it leans toward mysticism, almost Buddhist mysticism, even perhaps the Kabbalah. Martin is teaching us a system of being, a system of words, teaches us about language, thought, temporality, spatiality, all within the context of a collection of essays, or one long essay. He is circular, one could almost say it was an art piece or a complete farce, just a bizarre and eccentric flop. The point is that he was a master of rhetoric. He tricked us into believing it was true, like Nabokov in 'Pale Fire'. A more sincere way of instructing might be not to try to instruct, to just lay it out bare in the changing moment, the succession of moments and keep it up for 500 pages. A Kerouacian 'never edit' touch to it.

III

Power over memory: *text, the phonograph.*

A man waiting. A grim figure passing ruffling through leafy streets, streets full of leaves, autumn stray figure in the city parks, a shamanistic man, a proper man, a Dionysus or at least a bacchanalian. He is Baron P. Projectionist, the surviving monk from the Metabrain scandal.

Quartet of Temporality:

middle of the place a question of time old books empty streets a question of
why we settle, why we wait whilst old friendships spark afresh by Time's eerie
questions all the time sentenced to wait meek by the yellowed pages if I have the time
as a matter of the space between moments the longer I wait the better if it's for the radio
it's a no-show an empty lot carousing in the early hours of the morn like kids again
on the swings in the park empty, empty as everything essentially is for the moment
we're fine
and the line fades the boundaries collapse everything is lost in the moment we are waiting.

I

THE PHONOGRAPH:

Gramophone Bepuzzlion:

Staccato notes in the divertimento. Picasso's brain alive on the canvas rampage. These are the bloodied fists of avarice, the frozen moments yearning to remove themselves from able-bodied existence. Puzzlers down and out feeding on second-hand meals at the YMCA. Feeding swollen stomachs.

On a search for water, for grass to lay in, hay, anything so divine as it were from nature that we could inhabit. Trace the needle on the grooves, the thinlets thinletting crisp. Chi, is it? What formula are you using? Code the central numbers, punch them in with the IBU comodifyer. Pulse bus 201 through channel 5 in the b-monitor. Request for a passcard, urgently.

It's not that simple. One second you're in Russia in the 1800's, your a farm-town boy growing up next to grandfather grey beard Tolstoy or Dostoevsky in a revolution. Bakunin. All the beardsmen. But the next second you're in La La Land, the clockwork and mirrors, levers, mechanics, musical sounds, and tin. You have the material, the old textures, crinkling pages of time forgotten on the shelves, old books Marx or Engels. Then you have the practical part, the gears, the clockwork, action, free will investing, investigating its own freedom unspoiled by the rotten genitalia of bourgeois state economics. And it is in the moment bipolar, 1800 book shelf old house textural time forgotten pages + 2001 duplex computers animals laws of mathematics, of physics, of the linguistic moment. Irony can trail a centimeter away or 10 minutes away easily. You JUST realized what this was originally about.

You have just stepped into the mine. You travel downwards on an elevator. Deep into the gorge, heading to work where we found an ancient temple. Temple of sacrifice. Early Cro-Magnon man had a series of paths in the mountains that formed a labyrinth and we found the central room where the king of the time was buried. We aren't sure if he was king, he may have been an albino or a Jew. The importance is that we found this room called Minos. Underneath it was Daedalus' chamber, a small room filled with inventions from cave-man. It appears that they had intimate knowledge of lasers and electronics. They definitely had torture tools.

I realize that this sort of narrative is pretentious and fake. I was mixing up facts with figments of my imagination. I messed up a lot and feel no need to go on. In such ways I am a bepuzzlion, a bepuzzled unit, an icon, puzzly Isis & Osiris, plague, pestilence, abstractions. It levels out by way of the floodgate.

I let out a *Graecismus* as an attestation of myself being erudite. *Schematizein.* More rooms to investigate, more time needed to reprimand the host for hiding the goods. Filched goods, the audacity of some of these folks here in North Americ, up Northernly by the wayside of Montreal, Quebec.

II

CITY OF DREAMS:

Pillars:

It's much better in the real flesh, the flavor of the place, exquisite, to say the least. The Great pillars by the City Gate, all-shaking, all-proud bronze peons, *les grosse tours,* grand towers by the moor's door creaking as it opens. Out, General, into the parking lot where the hot sun boils the pavement.

So we enter the City of Dreams, Mother of Dreams greets us as we walk in, though its more of a flight than a walk, kind of a suction into the dream world. She takes our Obols and leads us each into a different direction. I take the path least taken, she says, for I am a soldier. A soldier of what, I don't know, she sees great stuff in me, she says, '*the stuff stars are made of*'.

Hausmann's Boulevard:

Such are the streets of my City of Dreams that they last forever. It dawns on me that the energy from the sun bounces right off the curb, sends shivers down my spine as the neon lights blow dust to the stars. Advance, advance young commander. It is your turn to fashion the material.

Soiled streets. Always that foul odor of gritty dusty streets. At night the lights flash reflect off ponds of gasoline. Squiggles, swirling lines, algebraic functions. To put co-ordinates on something, to stabilize, to make it concrete. Our streets are paved, we don't want to learn your ways… and if we do, we'll call you, not you'll call us, one thing's for sure… Germany, 1900… make way for the holocaust!

III

THE EXHIBITION:

Dark shapes in the cavern. A shaman noodles in the darkness with a lamp and some paint pigment. He puts some pigment in his mouth, chews it, gets it nice and thick in his mouth, and then sprays it onto the rocky surface. Out comes a masterpiece from the cavern depths, the shaman has conjured his spooks and communicates with them. Heralds! ye masterpieces, move! make way for friction in the demented pit.

JOUST IN THE APACHE RAINBOW:

Indian faces the totem's grimace and fiery glance. Night of the Apache Rainbow, Joust in the sky, sun, moon, branches on the trees of knowledge, wisdom, understanding. Dark faces, moon root, dark abysmal, petrifying dark, mortifying abysmal black. Then a spark of blue needles through. The blue wisp, the flamulet, prime sliver, tag, rewording the oracle's sainthood.

I

Song of Solomon, a Canticle:

The figure *noema,* Greek for thought, the figure of close conceit: an obscure and subtle speech. Figures that obscure or conceal meaning: *enigma, schematismus. Aenigma, sermo obscurus, the riddle, dark saying:* Obscuring one's meaning by presenting it within a riddle or by means of metaphors that purposefully challenge the reader or hearer to understand. *Schematismus, schematizein,* Greek, to give form: to conceal a meaning by using figurative language, either out of necessity or for humor's sake.

The Anthem:

We saw riddles in the trees on the marshland, in the bark we saw diameters of inward circles, saw the floodgates of our minds open wide full portent of magnanimity. All the while I screamed hooray, young was the day, and behold the inward fire! Keep your eye saintly on its bettering.

II

The Phonograph II:

What we have are interchangeable parts to a main flow of textual vortices. The cinema is empty on a Sunday night. Old man Projectionist still shows up like it was any other day, shows up even though he knows it's a no-show on Sunday evening. He listens to the phonograph in the office upstairs. Old Scriabin records. Alexander Scriabin is one of his favorites. He remembers it from when he was a child. Old Russian Projectionist, wears a baseball cap and also works as concierge in the mornings. Weird that he would project and mop floors all in the same day. He surely loves Scriabin, that's for sure. Mainly 'Prometheus, The Poem of Fire'.

III

Sunday newspapers:

These are the rules that we live by. These are the times that keep changing. Most often it's a matter of knowledge. Now's the time to save the stars from our constant watching. Take your mind from the sky and pay a little attention to what's happening before your eyes, here on the globe, the earth.

The Doctor reads the Sunday edition in his office. He sees a few patients on Sunday, a few special cases that he most enjoys seeing. One of his friends from his school days, a friend from an entirely different field, literature, suddenly lost his mind one day. He was fine and then out of nowhere he didn't know where he was, didn't even remember who he was, what he was doing. A 39 year old writer suffering from a bad case of dementia. The Doctor was all too pleased to take him as a patient. It's the least he could do for an old friend. They spent many nights reading poetry to each other. They were very close.

These are the meanings we contrive. These are what we wrestle with the most. Tongues tied, we wander in the middle of the night seeking the ephemeral nothingness we once thought we had control over. Now the nothingness is a rare quality we can't quite get a hold of, is the ethereal mist that is sprayed around us, leaves its aroma, but is always beyond our reach.

The Baron, as we know him, enters the Doctor's office. "Written anything new in your journals, Baron?" He answers, "I can't quite keep my mind straight, it keeps swerving. I think I've derailed. I'm not thinking straight." You read it in the headlines, 'another young man loses his mind in the city'. You don't really, those stories are kept for another bunch of folk altogether. Newspapers don't talk about mental illness. They should, it would help the ones afflicted by those sicknesses of the mind, those strange coils that magnetize a being, those ropes that ensnare them, those subtle feelings that make their brains a train wreck.

These are the veritable beginnings of a revolution. The Doctor takes notes; he's onto something. Baron is plagued, but he's doing better; the therapy is working. Doctor Penfield does an etymological analysis of what the Baron says. Doctor Penfield has found a relationship between the origins of the words we use and the origins, causes of the symptoms of an illness.

I

Ways to catch a fish. Whims. A way. All too pleasing to the eye that watches. Vim. We make lines connect at the House. It's our way to be behemoth. Line them sideways. We'll catch up to them in a moment. These are the days when nothing is important. Ways to catch a bird in action.

It's impossible to mention *strategies* at this point. I really don't know what else to write.

Wily ways… children playing in the churchyard.

What do parrots know of limelight? What do doves know of *pizzazz*? It's all too drole, almost heart-attack laughing. Material for tears of laughter. A jumble of verse.

Struggle to versify intimate knowledge,
a new Knowing about something,
    knowledge from the heart,
for where else are we to truly know?
this is the state that we're in, us,
all of us sermonizing the paupers and thieves,
    laughing when we can't adjust
    to the thriftiness of our watchers.
O, we the small ones, the very few too many,
the lucky ones who fill the streets at night,
or the ones at the canyon there midnight,
    we're a small lot, 3 or 4;
    what a bore, what a bore…

Lines making a veritable rattle on the page. Making a complex of linearity. What beauty there is in the lines on the page, converging, conversing, lines making the graph that is existential bliss. Lines on the page, random haphazard lines building Babel on shelves of paper.

To know in advance, to respire down through the wooded areas, teasing girls and making headway through the National parks. The point is that we have a *line* connecting them all. We have a glass castle shivering in the cold night. We have a city of dreams echoing across the valley. These are the times of an intimate war of the senses, a war we fight for the betterment of the spirit.

II

I'm the new Gazetteer. I give clues to the news of the moment. Form, medicine, and music. Those are the credentials for the writing of this essay. Wheel me away! make me a blinding torch of an imbecile! to the Lighthouse, I'm a painter! These are the lives of the rich and famous.

I'm settling down for another couple of months. That's how it feels, like just this very moment settling down for a couple of years even, sitting down on a chair in one moment holding an entire year's endurance, stating, "I will withstand it for another half year starting now." I've just come in and I'm settling down to some writing, each moment lasts a decade.

The camera is a metaphor for the voyeur. To spy on the unaware… the strange culture of camera obscura rooms. Vapors/Abysms is the same story retold through the eye of the projector. You have recently read through a sort of Atmospherics collage section. Now we proceed to more of the heart of Vapors/Abysms. Please remain seated throughout the presentation.

III

All is absurd. The pieces don't fit together anymore. Nothing resembles what it used to. Time has slowed down, things are barely moving. We're being sucked into some sort of vortex as far as I know. It's a whole system, a breathing mechanism. It's foundation is the cinema. That means its semiology is that of the cinematic. You have the screen, the database of images, The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, a long and arduous climb up and then back down the Mount of Mounts. The second motor is Projector/Projectionist. This puts it into motion. The space between Projector/Projectionist and the Exhibition on the reality screen up front at the cinema house, the audience in a black swirling abysm and

the light of the projector above them, the vapors. Vortex holds it together, is the force. Vortex and Abysm form the base, the gut, and are the most nauseous. It doesn't matter what I do, the system moves for me.

presenting the 12th novella of the Exhibition/Tonal Cinema series— Vapors/Abysms II: a new word republic

I

It started with a soft hissing silence. The theatre was empty on a Sunday morning. The concierge was cleaning up for the Sunday night film noir presentation. They are holding the meeting of the executives of Tonal Cinema Broadcasting Company in the cinema. The projectionist is attending the meeting.

They have been working on a Project. It's been many years now, several years. The rhythm is fully ingrained at this point. No more suffocation in the word-schemes. Where they were once too tight we now loosened them. All is working prettily. All is wonderful.

Then we have a hard shape. When you end in wonderful you slap back with an absurd or demonic image. Maybe it's not as harsh as a wicked laugh, maybe it's only the sound of a washing machine, a loud one, maybe it's harsh because it's so repetitious and monotonous. That's how you build the film noir in your mind. For that's where it will exist once you get the wheels moving. You just follow the images in your mind as you read this novella. The image make up the Tonal Cinema that I'm writing about.

I once saw those images that pop up, I saw them while I was reading 'The Magic Mountain' by Thomas Mann. It was strange, I read a few words and 'pop!', a scene would play out in my imagination and it was in phase with the text I was reading. There's a sort of *synonymy* in the experience.

The first part is a sort of presentation in livid ink. After that we have number II, the Atmospherics section. That meets at the summit and lands back down to the Abysms montage. That then circulates back to Vapors, always back to Vapors because vapors themselves swirl inwardly, towards nerve centers.

What an experience! All the livelong day we watch a secret show in our imaginations. I'm no different than you are. I read every edition of the Tonal Cinema. That's the cycles of images in your mind's eye, the ones that turn like the wheels of a great chariot, the ones that take off and fly across the sky meeting in perfect harmony with the stars. That's what Vapors/Abysms is about, that's what you can expect from us.

The film noir plays out in the cinema on Dire Straits Street. All the collegiate emperors of the broadcasting company are present, some are in the projectionist's booth seeing how he operates things. All is captured in a pale grey light on the street, the pale light softly washing over from yonder horizon.

II

Song of Songs, Canticle of Canticles… Solomon's dialogues deeply turned inward, O the black black earth, the stomachs wrenched in ecclesiastical mourn, fluid Vision mighty in the first rate autumn sunset. All is bathing in dramatic interpretation, fulfilment and harmony.

> "Comparing, evaluating, and dating the manuscripts, placing them in family groups, and developing criteria for ascertaining the text that most likely corresponds to what the authors wrote are the tasks of critics. They are aided in their judgments by thousands of scriptural citations in the writings of the early Fathers of the Church and by a number of

early translations of the Bible into other languages. The fruit of the labor of text critics is an edition of the Greek New Testament that offers not only what is judged to be the best text but also includes notes indicating variant readings among the major manuscripts."

—unknown source

III

CRITICISM OF THE CITY:

Blackest night, the neon city streetway, cosm of the black midnight streets, so opposite to light that darkness is a material oneity, black stuffs so porous they deliberate the consciousness of mixing attributes to someplace, somewhere. Up against the wall, the cemented walls, the black stuff midnight war-machine in puzzles so gross they live outside the House of Light and rooms so beautiful flowers grow out of our hair.

The City is a concept that I have tried to elucidate for several years. It just can't be grasped in the way I want it to. I would have to change people's perspective of the universe. What I want to do with the City is make it so grandiose that the chandeliers shake at the mere thought of it.

Black, that is the word that will make it clearest. Black as night, black as earth. Scriptural blackness, blackness of text, of textuality. Growth of moss black on the steps of the mausoleum. Black as a broken mirror. That's the sort of blackness I'm aiming for. I'm telling you, it's difficult to understand. I'm aiming at a city so black it crushes the very brains trying to understand it.

I

AN AVALANCHE:

Creatrix in residuum. To positivy a concentrated elixir of thought. It branches out in Davidian mollusc of thinking right around the edge of Conceptualization. Portentous is the key word for today's sonnet. We wrote it on a Wednesday, so wear-do-well the drearies all along the fence white might the circulars that move about a spherical wedding-ship, the relationships, might and arcanity the broken mince-made, the levity bells. We did it on a Wednesday in the park. Full fuel ride and also. The also that becomes a most contemplated icon of the masterpiece creator. Mine is the rocks we do well, isn't that the well-do-well. Circular nothing is happenstance away. The rhythm is glorious on the outside of ridiculous.

Move it Wednesday the circulars, we ride the rhythm of a bell, the all along a watchtower gloom and unison fiery the glass in my eye's utopic vision, the Glensdale Wednesday, the curator's call inapt of also, the curator's iodine, mixed in with summers who know elsewhere the covenant, where I would instil the chorus in Dale's grand canyon festival. We who I know knows the truest of the cutest male, my Dionysus is a picture we can all fit into. Does severing requite the master's rivet? I call on Anodyne.

II

REPUBLIC OF NONSENSE REDISCOVERED:

For winters in amongst the few who argue there in the feed-barn, the glorious place where we eat dinner in the months of Mayard. We the bells unite with centrifugal, the righteous meet a Mens Delirium might that attaches itself to songs true to the knowing, we left the litigant a house on the west side, he lived easy in a 2 ½, he had a great time on heroin biding his time painting in the 2 ½. Mayard is the man you saw buying groceries who is a prophet, little did you know. La Traviata.

Found it at a yard sale. A house in the projects. This the projection in gree-light mezzo-soprano singing, "I chant the bed-lights the red-lights the ones on the sovereign, the lampshade on a covetous moment. We line the rides who know who you threw out, the one the I the only this the summer's canticle: you who knew, this the morning-song of a sovereign, I know the cause of this the summer's *scala* Tonal Cinema. Ride this the town, the loquacity."

Fourth in the race at the fair. Morning become evening afternoon. All is non-sequential. Linear is no longer linear. Logic says: is is is is is. We are stuck with the code-word copula. Being. Beingness. We ride on a ferris-wheel at the fair at an exhibition of the senses. The republic of nonsense is what we fit into our memory bunkers, the aviator's bunker, lost airplanes, old ones, the propeller of wisdom flushing out the sea-banks. We are an entity in prose, let us evacuate the House. This is wizard's guild who knew

likewise. Summer of the ventricle, the Heart of wisdom and after-hours parkway hang-out. Tell them the ritual and we will practise. This the Solomon's song, canticle of canticles, the Rope-horder, Solomon Vacuous.

III

AIR RAID SIRENS:

Martha, lentement,

On dirait qu'il est maintenant des mots qui vous brûlent la bouche.

Le Malentendu, Albert Camus.. It's not an important sentence. I only used it because it spoke of burning the mouth. Burning in the mouth, burning taste, bitter taste, bitter words, "We would say that there are now words which burn your mouth" [sort of paraphrased, I'm not a translator, I show faults]. Ever just sit and remember dreams? This is the irony of this lesson. Air raid sirens on a towering night of nonsense.

I

THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED:

Father's guilt hidden in a locket. The key is in his pocket. Sovereign, sovereign, meet me my quarters on Wednesday; this door when unlocked sets afree all that lives in the universe, our universe, this the center of existence: Earth 2001, Quebec. We have a historical materialism in fashion.

Open the door. Seek elsewhere. Open the quarters. System's vanquished. Defeat to know who else could do it. Broke three quarters of a million on the hammer-house. Sister, I know no others who did it. The fashion of confession, O father who art in heaven… give me this day my Harlem dollar. Open the door, seignior. The random gamble. Sitters who sit you out on a Marsday.

The door is unlocked. Meet me at my quarters. Father's key hidden in the pocket, meet me on the Mountain, then we'll head near the fields in the valley, our discontents we'll make evanesce in a moment, we'll let it all slide downhill with the current of the slalom creek. This way we could hide it. The figure is of a mad-hatter wearing one of his creations. Mad, mad hunters, rhinoceroses, their hides, horns… Open on…

II

FOODS OF THOUGHTLESSNESS:

Monks who wear monkshoods. That only makes sense, except it's a flower or something. I'm not saying I know or don't know what it is, I'm playing a persona. This particular character does not know what a monkshood is. It could be a great galaxy in some quadrant of the universe. Let's say it could be cut into four sections. We'd have a slice of universe and read it as it passes by in uniform action, reaction, tangent, river and elsewhere the slicer cutting splicing reading writing the universe's code, the transcript of the main identity of the universe spelled out in numbers and letters for the coroner, because we've got one hell of a dead universe if we don't start action. Put on your dancing suits.

III

REWARD FOR DUTIES MET:

The craft of writing. Yes in Ulysses, Derrida wrote an analysis. There's nothing to it, really. We just write an analysis, not of anything, of certain spheres of knowledge that we intend to study. We are multi-disciplinary. Not of the sphere of petty half-cynical ironist critics. We trend to discover the moving flow of a spiritual matter. Not that we are exclusivists. We wish to portray the main flavor of Romantic poetry, Christian or otherwise, no bias is needed, none will be spent: *this is the main tongue and flavor of the moment.* All is well in the chapel town, the cemetery gates: O the overrun, the helmsman holding the vessel steady: center of town extent in the very moment of its being there.

Reward for duties met. We are at the center of the left ventricle. We are in the heart pumping, sluicing, overflowing. We are the main vein of the human corpus, flowing in wave-patterns holding itself together with its own force: *writing is breathing is the pumping of the heart.* We activate symbolic relationships. Metaphor, Allegory the lost trident, an icon with a vessel commuting from A to B to C, onward, wayward, backwoods, backward. The system has no coefficient: *2 a : a number that serves as a measure of some property or characteristic (as of a substance, device, or process).*

That's how we do it in the winter to summer region. Autumn is its own season beside the others due to its great flavor of Death as the others are life or frozen life, life in stasis, physical congealing nature

of the coldness, material stuck in half-motion, gelid hangs in ice behavior. Spring and Summer are two figures of growth. Apples near-Autumn.

I

RELINQUISH THE DOOR:

K. is a vehicle of some higher truth, is only seeing and hearing this truth in its full brightness, full glitter and confusion and splendor. K. vehicles all the motor-power of this truth in action in the mind in construction of concepts trying to bridge and map a solution to the problem of history; actions in the mind are our first interest. K's mind is fiery and warm, full of supernal activity, truths coming from the heavens through his univocal mind, one heartbeat and breath, mystical and fresh…

We are back to the first door. What will he do at the first door? Will he pass or will he go? Vapors section. The trickling vesicle forms on the landscape, tendrils, codes, spots and an absent-minded tachism. The Cartesian plane, mapping the geometry of the moment. Topology, geography… The ontologist is an everything-man, he deals with existence, he deals with everything. But still he can't fit through the door, he is imprisoned. Why can't he move? He is K. He can't do nothing about it.

II

SURGEON MILK:

We ran upside the ranch on the countryside we ran there up the hills and downslope fashioning pens out of knives and wood, we wrote a digest, daily double, me and San Petro, we were country boys, we lived like monks in the woods and slept on pine needles, it was fantastic, fantastical, wishes were met when we boys ran upside the country swell, the spell of the North-East in Canada, Quebec, near Montreal, we little boys ran upside-down in the corridor the night-chalk black apparel in the dungeon of sturgeon nights milk black the suffering heart of a laddy-boy in the country in his prime, time of the bulk wood tobogga & ropes, down the slope we went as the little boys do in the country. Well, I wasn't exactly 5 or 6. Even yesterday I fathom I came down the hill, just a few moments ago came I from the outdoors. See how it connects from time-past-to-me to time-present-to-me-the-narrator, as-I-am-writing as opposed to what-I-did-before-I-started-writing. You, as reader, suck up the as-it-seems of a long line of narratives. I just came in slopping wet from a bicycle ride outside in the damp and hotness, the dreary gloss of watery wells, the do-wells, down in the countryside me and my bicycle riding out in the tomahawk missile rain tapering off my head, blankets sturgeon whittles, Saint Peter Valentine, the wondersomeness of casual events to digress from, to be anointed prince of the moment in an artistic show, an Exhibition. Enter the labyrinth. B.

III

DAS KAPITAL QUOTIDIAN:

Minutes pass, I am recess, I am the abode. I will craft a million marshals to deliver the reign. The ring. The ringlet. I am a custodian of silence. The emerald nation of catapult slavery, the dolorous fat-cry on a cravat laying sidewise next to the water on a Wednesday, oh, *la saveur*, in unison, I am a custodian of nonsense, the laugh is a riddling digit, the catalepsy migraines and aspirin toxins laughing is emotive, is in nostalgia tears prolix backward, green dark green backward. I am at a stance.

We who weather the temple, the beauteous bounty luscious sass marshal, the cutest little devil. We spun backwards on the apple valley. We picked apples near Autumn everything dying before winter. We sow seeds to the newborns, we pray, we exercise, we fathom, we wait, all is a bitter ranch, horses in community in the field, cows aside the hilltop gnawing on astro-thought-grass. Prolix.

Reward of the rewording of things. Putting it back together after decentralization. We must anticipate the moment of juncture, of rupture, and the meaning of conjoined. One thousand pages to the name of Tonal Cinema. What have we done here? We have created an ideology based on cinema, on cinematic prose, on numbers, economic graphs, tables, geometry, anthropology, all the basic translations, isometric functions, movements, translateral, conjunct, unified; the beauty of a Tuesday.

I

MOVEMENT I:

We have a few paintings in the studio. That would be silly to believe. Let me start anew: I have many paintings in the studio. I have The Projector, The Voyeur, The Tomato and Basket, The Wineglass, The Boy From The Cemetery… all these great themes I have touched in a misty gold tinge, hue, decentralized bronze, orange. So that These can be the new thoughts of saddled *meilleur*.

Rise with the tide out supernal flow quizism, tinged by a toplayer brown, a sulking grey, coffee brown, sepia, fuchsia, names proper, color Unbounded! to the star's advancement! silver-hewn, prone to convenience in helmet war-bison guise.

Flow. We have *a* movement. We *have* movement. Turn your heads to the ceiling. Watch the frescoed dome in all its splendor. You are in a cinema. In a theatre, you sit with a hundred auditors. Sitting on wooden benches watching the screen of the *Cinéma Tonale*. The Projectionist spies from above. The figure of the Projectionist is a trickster, a bebop philosopher, Cabalist, natural mystic, symbolist, an ambiguous figure. The character of the projectionist is always changing; whenever we try to pin down the projectionist, he moves one step ahead, changes, is no more the same thing you pinned down.

This is the movement of a psyche in the tarred mesh that is existence Modern. Slight of hand on a Wednesday park walk night. Too gullible for the meat-hook soirée indecipherable. Mutiny in the pearl white star-striking entrance to the Canada Inn. Meet me there or you'll be late in hell if you count me out.

Quiet on the outside but right-side up in the long-hand version of your letter to Count Phernaphercys. He's the oblique in manifold sun-settings. Too much light for the setter. Need to sit on wooden chairs in meek-wood of 1896 to know what the hell we're talking about. It's sterling steel and makes me vomit as a reckless son-of-the-sun. Doesn't mean I'm greedy or anything, just a sucker.

Then to Ted Fugue-ems. Fugems, runner up the mill in two way saws hat. Cinema is cinema. I'll be a ladder up the wall of else's whereabouts. We needled them in all quine and tidy wan in an emptal of covenantic marning setitup, more of a wisdom for the loungers in contesquieu marnin' effer than elses and that's the whereabout of what is impossible to speak.

Speak, speak to me. Tell me not your sorry lies or wednesday tuesdays, tell me your up-front face. Thumb the digit, red on Isis in catapult more empty than a mighty tide off the coast of Witticism Central. This then, is the september remember butterflies sad as ever an empty walled a country in West Seth Slum. It'll all come back to me. I tell it to me I am the to what do you.

To round out about a witticism in a pretty landscape whirl about dixie saddle round the but of am on my own terrain conglomerata singular. Type two O negative. We designate the conundrumical doodads crammed in vermin's ilkhood, crooks designating come-you to be by my side, yum truddles, quo lixit saw hats trapped in lixit singular hooded monkdom cramp.

It was at camp in Yawsaw hideaway. Trestles in comb-hangar sad as a dead duck, the epistles of mother's day equate with a matinee squint five piecemeals away from the other duckling. Earth is for saviors, is for summer and half a can of Pepsi. That way we have more time to suffer.

Then we have cut into a text, cut into text, into stories oozing from the buzz bowl which is my aching brain. As writer, I have an imaginary audience. But saying anything at all, in my case, coalesces the audience member. I activate the user-feeder relationship. Text is a vehicle for thought. Man is man for man. Man has become a monstrous depiction. We've isolated the genius gene, the violence gene, we know you from your DNA up to your eyelashes. This is the way of the modern scientist.

They say science differs from philosophy. Science operates on a plane of reference whereas philosophy is on a plane of immanence. I'm not sure what that means exactly, I only know that Gilles Deleuze is a great thinker and mind-link iron-cufflinks mad-to-be, mad-to-behave-spectacularly. It is a play with people moving haphazardly in the windows of our lords, in the house of familiarity.

Active member remember butterfly. Meet me on the story grass, we'll make an eve of it. It takes a picture of Picasso to know the rules properly. To be the rowdy in a gang of twelve, the rowdy one compulsively so, extracting all the realness from the above-mentioned prismatic scale of a world, chromatic sensitivity precisely in the intervening of positivity in trials regular on the circles downward end in meantime catapulted [Heidegger's Thrown] to the eyes of desire in man-to-be-hanged, the vile hunger dripping spittle to the whims of a Tuesday.

II

As amber wills who debutante's ago
muttered in their lain hands, "I do not inherit
beatitude, for I am a slovenly drunk," whispered in
the breath of one who lets it all go down the drain,
the slim, the slain, the gibbering brain of measles and
feverish dreams.

Crispèd locks of curly hair, a torrent of curl in the measles brain hide-out. Give me what you want, I'll treasure it the more. The more likely to spill the blood of your solemn guts. An ode to despair. We climaxed at "she doesn't have to be a mathematical formula" and questioned the neurons who spill this ink. Blood, then ink. Ink I would digest were I a comedic enigma addict. That's a freckle less than last time.

The temple is glazed in golden ink. Product of a collegiate over-used mystery: *text.* Everything caves in around it. Text IS a vortex in the literal sense. Most prismatic. Makes anything a conversion. Post-modern on the origin, the bull, that is. If he's a true Romantic.

III

Bio-centricism, philosophicentricism; an ethnic quality, charmed by the beast that slew McCormick the diver, the rider runt and cosmological agency over-writer. He's a legend as far as we know.

Dental plans. Miracle wonder-worker smearing gelatine on canvas shags wearing pants the size of behemothal doggerel-pounder Don. Crispy figs in hemp sacs, nutritional. Caviar.

Marxists reunite. Converse. Supplicate. End the madness for all of mankind's striking madness. Anxiety is l'oeuvre du jour, battered heart in slalom down the thorny grove by the millhouse on the hillside, quiet little aged old man, Sir Megrims himself high on absurd malodorous exhalations of pertinence indeed in respects to outlandish gyrating of the encephalon kindly seaward holographic pulse till new day in Brooks town in the west Londonry…

Inner strength, will to power, to the to-do list, to Tesla and him grand finale: Monkshood in shadows quaint electrified in the meerdom kingdom clear of Chambala glass… to the miller's house fast!

I

MENS:

Delirium:

Pense, tu il était, sorte de meurtrier, combatant, l'esclave, vermine, ecclesiastes! roar! We are the battle-bands from North Wichita. We combat the forces of nature in a plastic art. Cheers to us! We are the battle-bats! nocturnal, onward, roar!

Satirical modernity in twists and veins uproariously slips to noonday in the sun the vacant hero saturated in vagaries of all western-minded kinds, his kin in western hideaway on the Leninist front in capitalist Island o' Hunger, fuelled by rage and insipid heroism. Crepuscular as a moth hits the beam in wisdom froth accumulating a thorny dispatch from Musica Hollydom mirage *in ventris* accolade.

Film:

*In r*ecluse, secluded on an island. We are on Montreal and we are living heavy, dripwork on the spitter, waxed in cake-grinders ink magiculating a gesture of faith in compartments stashed easily over-rodded punctiliously squinting in irony.

Murder on rot-wood culminating in a splash on dizzy forest. Afar in the lands Cupid Isis rives the letters combusting in fumules of property liquidating advance on modern fussility utilitarian exam.

II

Villages of westwood irony. Melodies you sent back down to me, Paris. Cupidon, smithshop Shelley shells inconsequent of Paul-Emile Borduas. Blacken your knives, beckon the hierarchy, or any archos, while anarchy sleeps.

Foul friends. Fire-ends in the mire of old woebegone. Begone by my mayor's May-door. Unite on Saints Emerald Tuesday night all cheers to the gold's unison singing: *I might be tipsy but I'm not drunk*, singing out the back door to the stop police, the thought-stoppers in units on the desert dune unity.

Characters. Sing, sing melads! Garçon! think, youth pupil! Enter the Baron, midsome his twenties, "Many years ago: deep-rooted angst pain throes and woes—" He threw up in the garden.

Tears rolled down the cheek of one our Don Guiseppe, tired ole chap, to lay down for good one of these days. The monks chant brighter these days than ever. Let it be said, he who hates traitors is in a good field, ploughing his devil's herb, Doxa-doxa, paradox.

III

Devilish glare, teeth pruned well oiled and mouth agape. Avalanche in sooted martyrdom. Creation *in ventris* trapped in belly-go-down. The furthest we've been is the devilship seniority-chamber, where all the old flops sit and steer vessels.

Left ventricle. Opening to send another box off to Mexico. The liver sits there in a shantytown hut, sitting on the curb gnawing on pickles and ice-cream. Fire-stone heart. To deraid ergo the functives. Delay to awake. Ready the side-by-sides, the guts-guns, relay mixed extension to the perimeter function.

I

Thin flits the flame, one with the ego contemplating its fiery breath, bristle brung to the edge of aquatic mystery beneath the layers of sordid matter laid out in lexicons of brushwork sorcery.

Vanishing, softly luring about the side of a line of plain hexameter, in the bungs of death, the crabworms and centipede flesh hanging in whiffs of dung-exhalation, crisp and sour at the same time, an

edgy waste-product, banishment from Eros and his medicinal orgy.

Perfect flitting flame, in the middle of the cinematic experience, deep in the breast of watching film theory being practised: *a work of art is created, we have a master and an opera: Don Juan cuddles up to the breast of a fair maiden.* While Don Juanito sleeps, peering over through the window.

II

We have a cinema. It's time to introduce the characters. We have a cinema in which players strut the stage, the constructed stage, field of the cinematic production. We have the movie set, we have an actual stage where music is played, and we have the great calamitous thrall of film magic in the theatre played out on old projectors spraying music to our eyes, onto the mint condition canvas.

If ever there was a mission on earth, it was to create a cinema and put living pictures in it. Crinkling of tobacco paper, rollies, paper-smooth, crinkling lightly. That, he said, is the acerbic taste of silence and lava art. Eat ins and eat outs. Stop.

We recruit them for autumn. That's when we hear the cowbells out on farmland, purest of raw-material hoaxers in the thrift-earth of bottompoint, dale of Sharkskin, valley of the Impure Thoughts in mayhem of moment fallacious.

III

Black as onyx suits. Fulsome waves from the green prim. Olive-branch to know these tide-waters. Coast to coast, where is the first coast?

Decrepit genius at the reins. Enthralling an audience of fifty in the theatre. All are watching the programming of material for creative birth. No hoax, but pure honest sensitivity, objectivity, delving into the paradoxical and the ephemeral, the Lotus and the Lotus, cream ale and lemon bitter bulb.

Iron in the skull. Manor house near the town of St-Hilaire. I remember it as though they were dreams, but I lived this life, myself who knew too much about spatiality. I let myself grow to the size of a cannon and I went off spinning speaking rubbish to everyone. I lost it good but it came back. That is why I believe in the Gnostics. I believe in tomes of torment, Bibles of code-projection, of the Inscription, spiritual, physical, beyondical, gramator puxil…

I

Spirit middle layer of the cinema tonale. She is a turn-of-the-century theatre, full of angst and remembrance of the past, or the area of spiritual history past, eras and aeons past, but historical past is prototypical to the twelve emanations solid liquid gas, the art of remembering, of erecting the House, of

perceiving new strains of the Diabolese triangle.
Faustian hero, dally your doing, fool-gawdy.

II

Snatch the liddle feller by the ear!
Code-red, Oedipus is on hold line 2
matinee in the matinee slumber dreams
of elsewhere young covenant, two ages ago
saw something else that way wanted it brassy
so the screen can exact a considered notion of bedfast
slim the chances a little formulate positive thought
Teller by tiller we mowed the ground full
farce-magick conundrum man the hoopla crammed in
front of a stone circle measuring titbits of Moment.
Middle of the morning to ya,
partisanship at Friday nightingale. Club opens early in the morning, the regulars are in at 9AM drinking cognacs and martinis, it's ridiculous. But when the shape of man comes through your promotership, you constable constantly renew your resources, your pride, your guilt, envy, Christ-have-you. It's the beginning of a new day and you watch the sun rise, you combustible you firing high-rises angular in the morning sunlit pretty moon stamp in the 9AM Montreal sky, fanning wind-churn <twist> angular von angular print-point, method of letter, exacting of exacting when precision is a tumult of the truth, or when no answer cortisones the meagre flesh that I have hanging on muscle-firm bone-frame. It was an I that entered and disgraced the parade.

III

Montreal in full bloom:

Catapult me, the Ironic fool. The Idiot to the helm. Iron me out of metal or wood. Hammer me into concrete or steel, you'll see a soldier more rotten than the devil himself. Moronity made me the hero I was when these words first appeared in my mind, "O, Lord, solemn aching madness in Numbers, in Codes, religious, ethical, pre-ordained, improvised, all the ulterior notions of the soul, the human bug: the brain, a mighty engine of distraction, common body of the martyred mind of man…" The words mean little to me now, but at some time had quite a merit.

I began speaking softly to myself, to my surroundings in a sort of check that I kept up compulsively through the weeks and months. I loved hearing my voice and I dare say I pronounced quite the symphonies in my day. I let out wails that were not gratuitous but rather they were completely august and sincere, yelps that had all the subtleties and the Grace of Emotion.

Broom handle. You see, it always comes back to one of those late-night dream modes that we enter and can access from a waking spirit. Hallucinations, strange memories of the immediate, of the all-important. We've all had dreams of windows, of flying, deep-rooted angst, digestive dreams, the lot of all our peculiar nonsense-about-nothing. The non-ado insists on calling upon a tranquilized ado. *Nonsense it is, but never a willing son had not been creating a climactic effect through the juxtaposition of various story-frames, taking the subject of the Idiot whose moronity made him a hero.* We are confused on one point: *is he remembering or is he actively misrepresenting? Are there illusions at play?*

The world he remembers is off-center, is skewed by his reactive self. Man is stuck in the locomotion of modern existence. The existence is modern, not futurist or modernist, but modern: at its prime in a new age, new codes are brought into the world, new categories of existence, new sciences, and this burgeoning is equidistant with a point in space following an absent locus called Epiphany when the Thinker revels in his mind-power creating new forms, new conceptual planes, highways of thought, of the great library within, stacks and stacks of books, of architecture, gimmicks, plans, lists, diaries. It fits into a

phenomenological map, not a road map, pure geography; we are talking about the aesthetic of phenomenology as created by Hegel and later by Husserl in which a map is drawn out just as it is in geography or psychology except that this map has the elements: a)a chart of emotional under-writings, b)a physical production to equate the meaning to, c)a system of business between participators x, y, z, Artist, Buyer, Gallery Administrator, d)Cognitive elements.

I

Meeting-places. Time and a half. Winter ego, the other side of the coin. Mornings filled with summer fragrances, roses and daisies packed in a green vase. Strange vagaries, unities, combustibles that can only meet expression in confused galosh-phrases. Words made for walking: *walk-talk.*

Miles and miles of wideness, of time passing, the passageway whereby time illuminates each new step forward. And so the quiet theatre rests empty without human vessels. Time to play a film; fire up the projector please. One hot minute full of cinematic witchcraft.

Favors for the gurgler. The mass of import to which this essay sends signifieds is that we are inside a theatre house watching films full of fury, fast-paced movies about human consciousness full of grammatical characters. In this case, the characters are sentence-structures, paragraph formations, stylistic constellations. Confrontations in *euphonics*: *the science of sound, of the hearing mechanism, of auditors, auditions, and auditorium architecture.*

Spellbound audience, hissing silence of the tonal theatre. Hall of the quiet ones seated in vain petulance of sky-eyes watching. Veterans of the war of the senses, the spiritual battle that is the cinema house. Paint me violent pictures, I'm in a state to wander about the room in a frenzied trance. Perhaps I'll stick to text-mode and recreate a cinema in the abstract.

II

Old house, wood of 1807, covered with shingle-like flake, on the mountain of St-Hilaire, the steep hillside, a stone's throw away from the river Richelieu; apple orchards on the countryside, hills and canoes, bridges built in iron steel aluminium brass and gold; the river Lethe overflowing in Forget.

This is meant to be the darker of the Tonal Cinema pieces. Characters begin to steer across the stage, the Boy from the Cemetery, Baron von Holzt, Doctor A., Doctor B., Painter A., Painter B., and Berenice, Ophelia, and Beatrice. We are writing beneath personae, in the area of musical text, creating a cinema in abstractions, conceptuality greeting the door at 4AM uniting with the birds the ravens the hawks. Smart remarks for a half-wise man.

The wood creaks under our feet. This means the structure is laden with variance. The floorboards shift beneath our shoes. There is an intense gravity in this room. Cats scramble across the floorboards, meet mice in the backyard under the elephant tree.

Men meet in the basement underground, spark up long cigars to discuss the tragedies of the world. "It's peculiar of the Americas to go to war at every whim and fancy." "I find it rather natural, it's part of being human." They make an entente, then proceed to the stable to get the horses.

The horses gnaw on oats and hay. The dogs are barking at the stranger.

A man walks through the leaves in Autumn, leaves that crunch under his eager footing.

III

Objects sprawled on the table, objects on the table sprawled to accentuate each object's objectness, thunder outside, the lines of the vase twisting circularly around around the objects on the table breathe a new life a life outside of life; the life of an object is a life indeed greater than nothing, but less than an all-inclusive label of everything-whatever.

The thunder is in a cavern, is dark and abysmal and dark and very frightening. The dog runs around the room looking for comfort. "There's nowhere to hide, little one," and the thunderclaps force the dog to wet the floor. Stories too bold for this type, stories not to be told, but to be remembered.

Polysemous as a Trojan war-bird calling, calling in and near the city for a war on the cultivation of neuroses. Flight, bird to heaven flies high and mighty, fluvial is the weather that combusts a flighting migrator. Polysemous as an object treats misogyny. Blackbird, death of the war with hammers.

That is the most obliterating madness. Sharks to see the real situation. We dance in the backward sun and dip into a pool as dark as backward is backward itself backward itself is. That is what takes place when the object is in mid-disappearance. The object simply opts out.

Green as a garland can be green. The stomach of war is hungry and acts in disharmony with the heart of my silent masses. What creates the structures that cause grief is the longitudes who crush the time out of a clock and make disappearance a fun game. No one wants to die except a very few too many.

Rooms full beautiful can exhibit a conscience that wants to do well do well that is its function, the room is too blue, is a room that sits with a viewpoint in the giant dancing palm trees of Florida, the sun makes you want to go swimming if the pool was not murky and misery-laden in the black heart of summery. That is what makes hasty generalizations about stomach foods. Stomach foods are good foods gone bad.

Perspectives from the brown earth. Underground men and women fighting for a chance to live it up an extra day. Plights in the deepest ocean, streamliners backed up the coast of Mexico relining the composite sketch of a bloc in transit towards a recontextualization. That means that the bloc's positions will be repositioned. We hope it doesn't cause any upsets. That would be unruly, unpopular.

I

DISQUALIFIED ENTRY:

Singular lines commuting in the back of a force of activity. The longer we wait the more it stems from the back of us.

Silence in the vaporous whim and culminating of a force of entry. The bloc is set on providing levity of moment, of star-shock that grips us in the teeth. Relinquish the beast called Honor.

Laugh it off, the colder is the better side. We'll bring about a lax refusal or rebuttal standing against the star-shifts of a calamitous war-mongering. Duty to laugh it all off when the lightning crashes.

Lights flash, cultivators relinquish the beastliness of war-mongers. We are not in a laughable situation, we cannot give back what was taken, or give more of ourselves, I should say.

Stems from the bottom of the ladder, the first rung that says, "I am step one, climb me and see higher in the world, the world of higher means and ends. This is the tomahawk, live by my design."

II

POSITIVE FEEDBACK:

Static premonition is doing its job on the waterfront. The jet of water is relaxed and stymieing suavely up the spiralling wizardry of psychic game-plans. Give us our land and we'll suffocate the war.

We are in 19th century Russia by a farmhouse in a provincial town. Lashing, the dog lashes out. Freaks me out to the bone. To the bone.

Largely inconspicuous, the liveliest day of our otherwise drab lives lightens up beyond the dead grey hope, a starshine flagrant and reptilian, red eyes and tomahawks the glare of lies and cheats obsidian. We vacate luncheons and make it to the room's blue communion. The room has a pearly white moon tone.

At the back of the shop, it hangs over a chair, an old piece of fabric, an inelegant rag of brown and black blotches of soaked-wet paint, cleans off the counter and leaves a dirty mark. The stain soaks right through, leaves us marking the memory

with a wet sponge. Mark it well, for it will ne'er return.

III

POSE A QUESTION:

Blank white sheets, snow-pearl white, the closest thing to pure light; question marks come into the mind and fog up the receiver lens.

Target one, target two, targets for me and for you in our daily strangely lit environment, the conditionlessness of the poverty-struck.

A regress through backward cycles, down each new layer in the geological spiral, the conic structure into the earth, the relation between layers, the straight line from the bottommost center and the base of the cone solidified and graceful. Think back to the first day you felt like this. Try to remember what your strategy or way out could have been. How are we to make this thing positive? So we pray.

Shackled to the post, post-haste to frequent the fragrance-farm. What need we of relinquishment? of odor? of the frontispiece? Tomorrow.

Lengths and lengths of tape flapping in the wind out the car window, dark images hitting the sunlight like bugs hit the windshield. Flapping in the wind, the film of our lives, the long roll of tape that flips in the wind. Try to make a new start, can you?

I

SENTENCE UPROARIOUS:

Damn, the machine jammed. I couldn't find the wrench, so I left it there. Why is everything crumbling down onto me, why can't, aren't the walls supposed to stand on their own? I'm out of here.

I ran out yesterday. I ran out of here, only had a few left with me, and I made it clear to all them. Further down the road I ran out of there. I left yesterday to those [who] left with me. To all, to all them back into the building. What's left?

Candlelit bedroom dinner on the bed. Saddled up with Mother Mary left to my own biding, cast off where I like it best: *alone imagining all this.*

Stomach the cold, you'll find a perfect mate in the bathroom mirror between yourself and your reflection. Between the river and the coast. Between the limelight and the boast. Together we strayed back up the front of the building, danced in the moonlight.

Sorry I couldn't make it in time. I had lots of time but lost it in a game-play. There's nothing left for me to keenly stamp my name onto. I would like to reach the shore and have another tomorrow drink in the kitchen bathroom. It's next to it, all comfortable carpets and wallpaper all pinkie toe. I've made my decision to remain living.

II

CALAMITY MOSS:

Dozens of slovenly spirits walk the earth at a time searching for their beginnings. No longer the time to wait out in the fields, wading through sorrow, guilt and pride, the workdays longer and longer no sleep till the weekend, slovenly story of Moss.

Working in shadows, the glum sorry Sunday eyes, sad in the exterior of a swollen moment of silence. Grim in the hedgeway door-size maternal womb-like state of language. The up-against, the not-until and not-yets. We are the slovenly wretches.

Working for the middle-men, children of the lost cause, last cause, war-heroess in a tight-suit flexing over flames of passion and the real flame that is the dark backward flame, the torch of darkness, of sinful pain-staking processes. Hunger and *un devoir*.

The newspaper? a duty, an exercise? *Un devoir.* An assignment.

III

DRUDGERY OF WAR:

Pain in the middle of the room, I saw heralds fly high in the wind, when the pain hit in the middle of the room, beads of sweat on the brow, consummate intelligence, the gift of insight, high wind and a *flamenco* dance in the back seat of a basket-car.

It hits in the middle of the back, in the backyard I heard a voice, the voice said, “High in the wind!” and my mind shouted at me to stop trying to make sense of everything, and I died, I went through a corridor deep in the earth and came out five-hundred years the older, and then the pain subsides.

Remember stories by the side of the road at a campfire in the field near the creek, we had a wondrous time, the finality of being-in-the-world, fully transcendent, sky high, near the stones, we sat on logs, smoked cigarettes and told stories through the vapors of the flame on a chilly night, the summer of ’96, or ’98, the heralds flew high and we were in the middle of a room, then the carriage took them home. Older and older we get, lest we die.

I

LICENSE TO CULTIVATE X:

Breakfast at two in the morning, or is it a late night snack? but there are baked potatoes and macaroni salad, two in the morning, breakfast it is, we’re staying up all night, aren’t we?

Sugar in the coffee? none for me. I take mine black. Older and older sitting in the mud, the carriage flew high over the house into the field, some sort of instantaneous projection from a minor mud-slide, catapulted into the field in no time’s notice,

flung in the open air, a draft in my coat, the carriage fell to pieces in a torrent of neighing horses.

Sit with the window open, air comes in, the draft keeps my candles well-lit, there's a fog outside the air is thick and particulate a green color in the air an autumn green night of angel-weavers in satin nighties parcel the pen and paper to the heaven's high and wonder on the genesis of spirit, creation, earth and mountains, flocks, high, everyone!

We joined the carnival and the next morning we were back on the road. Sometimes dreams are so clear you get them mixed up with reality.

II

SERAGLIO:

The painting, the painting on the wall shivers moves, lightens the room with a harmonic structure from pedigree composers' consciousnesses, lined in the streets of Northern Canada, Pushkin might have known of such fierce winters, or maybe Gogol.

Nights many times I stay awake and chant or indulge in deepest reveries, I enjoy them, dreams, so that I can commute through the various levels of experiential space, the spiritual trajectory of all our existences. Such is the table, the drawer, and that.

Is a nice sofa? casual? exotic? Made of satin, silk, or leather? My eyes are closed. Take me into any room, I know this mansion by heart, I'll tell you which room I'm in by the smell.

Painting roofs in the churchyard, painting the roof of the church, hanging on thick ropes. But what if one of the ropes breaks? I'd be screwed.

III

MOTHERING BLASPHEMY:

Blacksmith heart, the darkest of them all. Laugh, little one, laugh while you have the time. Laugh while the days are still cheery. O heavens, O gods where ye may be! curse be on the devil!

On the devil the curse be on!

We live lives intricately woven, intricately woven like the sonorous cry of the fox, the hound, confusing the hound being sly as a fox…

Cunning we yield lamer words yet.

Samer words. How can a curse be held atop the head of a million men? Who can survive the authority of blacksmiths entering the night with swords of their making? It's not God I fear, it's the swooning blacksmiths with their cutting edges.

Sing me a lullaby so that I might sleep.

He has fallen asleep. Towards the door!

[A night outside night]

I

MASTERY OF ALMSGIVING:

Misery at the carnival. We laid by the petal wreathes by the door of the church, the South Entrance, supposed to mean something. I never relayed any messages to the Baron, though I might have tried. Only a select few facts or statements reach the Baron on any given day. He chooses very carefully what he is told, or what he hears, and if he doesn't like what you are saying, he will fire you on the spot.

The Baron is maitre D at the carnival ball. Ophelia comes to him with a message, he finishes his drink, she steps up to him and says, "The Boy is silent, he has some sort of epilepsy or autism, he can no longer speak, but the doctors say it will come back soon. How long can we last if he remains silent too long?" This was an important message. What Ophelia doesn't know is that they don't last long after a Boy loses his speech, they have to find a replacement immediately. So now the Baron must leave the ballroom and get to work in finding a new Boy. Repetition of the sign system.

II

BROKEN STEPLADDER:

Mathematics up the ladder, down the side of the road, the sidewalk, trees, animals, cars, all formed into a complex intervening system of images, representation or phenomena. This is the splitting of the Hourglass. In this phase, the practise renders the atrophied gland a new life, and you embark on a quest for historicalness, of the matter of writability, textuality, the mark, graph, vector, line…

Two texts side by side create a textual network and a context for each other in the sequence [in-the-series] you have presented them in. It creates a plane of meaning, or the first emanation. From this point, you can add more threads, weave them together in an intricate & ornate pattern, decorative in whatever style you like; you can use your methods and explore the realm of Other methods, you can digress and give an exact representation of the place of the symbol in art, or you can go museum-hunting and write critical pieces about the phenomenology of the museum experience. Aesthetics is a major [crucial] major.

III

MAGNETIC ANIMALITY:

Very much so the spiralling sickness that I felt two years ago in the basement, the cold room, I should say, where I wore my hair long and sported a tanned leather jacket I had just procured second hand. There's nothing like it, but waking up sweating and in the arm of a blackened spiral, at 5AM it's too early to be one dream moment away from death but the dream stretches through the following days and never really ends. But nightmares that hit you in the gut with silver bells reverberating from upstairs through the floorboards.

But thisawise across the second emanation we find spirits lingering linking us from the sewage heap that is the underworld into a brilliantly lit fire-house a thousand feet high, reminiscent of Babel but a veritable fire-den for the moguls of Mad City. It's not hell and it's not purgatory. It's Mad City inside the dream I keep having. There are ten emanations, much like the ten Sephirot of Kabbalah mysticism.

Further down the spiralling staircase we find a figure with no face trying to eat a baked apple pie. He mumbles through his mouthless grin, "Eat *this* fruit of the tree of knowledge!" making obscene gestures to the cameraman and crew. A curtain closes on the Tonal Cinema and prepares us for the next section.

I

SYMBOLISM DENIED:

Re-entry into the allegorical zone of mystified story-parts, the cavern in which all stories are held and molded into form. The Story-teller stands with red-hot tools forging the story he is to express into the world.

Ontology and logic draft the way for epistemology. Theory [dark Theatre] is the way of Metaphysics. Forms take part in economic theory. Economic theory is purely formal. It is like architecture and sculpture, forms the base of the art moment. Objects of development; developers, architects. There is a site of ruin and a site of discovery where a thing can be both. The zone of the Over-tone: supertonal clans and constellations. Draft-book: part 1)blueprint to a psychology of ethics in neuroses; part 2)biology of concepts in art history.

Zero in on the first concept and build a pyramidal structure. Make sure to strengthen your signposts. These are the hooks that hold together the discourse I am studying historically. I am writing a documentary history of the philosophy of art history how I envisage it to have existed from Aristotle to Kant, Freud to Derrida and to Deleuze.

II

STERLING SUNBEAM:

Kant gave us the Schematism but we don't know what to do with it. We have Scripture upon Scripture read through each day, interpreted at the main wing of the court library. All knowledge is categorized, is synthesized onto cue-cards in diagrams, symbols, equations, formulae, codes, strategies; little cards, archives, 5 inches by 7 inches little cardboard rectangle on which the monks type in the library.

The librarian is in charge of compiling all the cue-cards. He has his own epistemological system, of course, which only he knows amongst the many passengers and mainstream heroes of the courtship library.

The little cards have messages much like these that divert the attention of the reader onto a few points to tell the main story of what happened during your [the writer's] personal readings.

III

EQUIVOCAL THE TONGUE:

Equity, what is equity? Is it not the very immaterial matter of your possession?

Commerce is a hillside slant, crawling with cattle and horses. Do what thou wilt, do what thou wilt, but don't come knocking thisaway at 2 in the mornin', 2 in the mornin' on my backdoor, baby, knockin' on the backdoor hear you shout and scream, baby you make a scene, oh, how I love you, but don't you come a-knockin' on my 2 in the mornin':

"baby backdoor, yeah."

Unruly behavior in the middle-a-the-night grey skies tardy late-night night of blackest midnight swarm, warm in the apple orchard on a thinly lit night smitten by angelwhiskers twisting out of immaculate bubbles floating in the air like fairies, hot air balloons floating by like lead Zeppelins.

I

RANGERS ON EUROPA:

Thunder in the aegis cavern intra-mountain underground network. Daedalus wouldn't even have dreamt of such a thing as this underground system of interconnected hallways and chambers. A veritable labyrinth inside the core of the mountain. There are rooms for bathing [with running water], and rooms to paint. People are mostly involved in artistic creation. Since the new atmosphere has been created on Europa, teams go there once a month for years, cause you can only stay 5 days on Europa before the equipment starts to freeze.

Nomads changing habitats in the middle of the night due to an attack. Safety first: they must find a safe place to set up their tents. We ran the trade mission clear to the western extremity, sir, I tell you that much if I tell you anything at all.

Office of redistribution: "Hello, Conrad? Yes, it's me Venice. Yes. Let's met earlier, about 10:30, I need to speak to you in private."

II

THE CLIFF'S EDGE:

Upon a pond of repose. We presupposed that it was thunder and lightning outside. It wasn't.

Climbing the wall in physical education class. Learning to spell the names of cities.

They stuck ideas into my head on how to cherish genius. or did I make that up?

All is as in a dream, dreamlike it all soaked exists with a sleepish ghastliness, saintly in the afterlight. Night, a night like this, blessed be the King. From on high he blessed the earth.

The river's edge, the cliff's edge. Do you know these mountainous areas very well? We might need your help.

A dark blanket with pinholes in it allowing the bright light behind it to shine through.

III

NIGHT-GAZING IN THE FIELD:

Tornadoes of color in Armageddon's torn sky, the sky of the dawn of the aftermath, the sky of the great judgment, fierce and singular but multifarious.

I am the abyss of undiluted time. I crave the sentiments and sensibility of humans. I live on fear, on sublimity, on the fantastic, on Milton, Poe, Mount Everest where my greatest fighters in fire have been. Or is it Mount Etna, my mount of Mounts, under which is the blacksmith shop for the war effort forges weapons under the guidance of Vulcan, the god of fire..

Lobotomies in the blacksmith shop. Laughability in the middle of a Sunday midmorning, just recently awoken, you decide to watch the television in bed, then you take a shower and have a coffee in the living room and listen to the radio. What do you learn? The world is involved in a war on all fronts. Millions have died. How can this be? There must be a new conception of historical fact, for these facts do not fit into my epistemological system. But what we seek is the night, not the stars!

So we build a new system with a new method of distribution of epistemes. This time we won't get involved in falsification, we'll stay away from counterfeit and write truly from the heart. Oh, dear, if only this writer knew that all writing is counterfeit, all is falsification, all is a refrain, a song learned during childhood, a play you once were in, a performance of poetry, the invention of a story in high school.

All objects are historical. All objects have a commodification about them that plays with value. It forms part of the economic system which is the base as it is purely formal, in our current understanding of it, which is a post-Marxist Quebecois new idealism where history, economics, architecture, and sculpture form the base of the art movement, but we'll never write that in books, only in stories.

I

SUBTERFUGE OF THE EMERALD SKY:

The river flows headwards to the ocean, cracked ice in the winter fit to walk upon, a torrent of wavelets in the summer, a leafy marsh in the autumn, breeds new fish for the springtime. Walking in the heat of an autumn breathing in the deep invisible air, Christopher Columbus on both feet, erect as a helmsman.

God said he would come down, but I never thought it'd be like this. Ezekiel's vision of the throne-chariot and more! It was providential, proverbial, eternal. I saw God parachuting down like beams of light from the sky. All of it, and me, bathed in an ethereal light. Dawn is coming.

Subterfuge in the emerald sky. Rockets or stars flouncing themselves about. Morning time for the apple-fighters. Seeds to the earth and yahoo we've got a party. Drink to the billow's end! catch the wave and ride it to Mexico!

The ever-greening sky seems to me a metaphor for existence. We are appalled by the great gateman, the steely door at two in the morning in the barracks on a Friday, all's sleeping off the wagon in the dirty streets midnight wretched 1870 by the door two nights in a row, the pocket king comes crawling in the devil himself in a Jean-Paul Sartre night-suit knocking at the door at two in the morning.

Come on in, why don't you? I am very pleased to meet you, sir, what is your name? "They call me Peppercorn, Hieronymus Peppercorn. Now, may I grant thee a wish?" Our dream is for the sky to turn black again, and to remain an impenetrably black sky for eternity. The stars may vanish, but so be it, please lift off this green sky, it's horrifying!

All is a subterfuge in this dream reality.

II

SENSITIVITY TO AIRS:

Mars hit the windshield like there was nothing to it. He ended up on the curb blessing his existence. "God, did you see me flying through the air?" positioning the response call. relay to grammatical zone 3H. calamity on the cross-screen.

Mars hit the vehicle like there was no tomorrow. He hurt himself, but not too badly. "Hello?! I just got hit by a car, damn it." conversion to picture words. visual screen A combinatory shot with B6. splice tape here. reverse shot.

Martian fields under a blazing sun, dunes for miles, now with the new atmosphere it's liveable, downright acceptable. You can get a nice tan on Mars, that's for sure. Here comes the man on the bicycle. He's a thinker like the best of us. He's working on a masterpiece of ethics called The Logic of Existence. It is the first un-hierarchized ethical system. His system runs on ideograms, not concepts. It is a new visual culture that he is trying to sell in the Martian village.

Regulation offers a systematic punitive strikes on the learner. We have a graphic system, a semi-language, at the very least a lexicon of terms, subjects, that enter the textbook of art history and rewrite the concepts of art history using the lexicon to categorize by non-category; a thousand plateaus [Deleuze] in conjunction to the rise of an unearthly Logic of art history, art history, an introspection projected on the mind of the for-real, an abstract economics display Exhibition in [semiotics/linguistics/musico-] Tonal Cinema. The empty theatre Houses the myriad shapes. Tone is the culprit of this affair. It was a side-show with binoculars into the phantasmarogian slipknot tied in the blink of an eye under the Belt of Toulouse making posters for Gargantuan Cinematics.

III

SURVIVING THE MOST HORRIBLE:

"All paintings say specific things about space and time, history, logic. Some are more musical, some are more architectural, some sculptural, textural, others temporal, spatial, nominal, ordinal, dative. The problem in art history is writing a narrative about art, which is increasingly harder as we pass through this strange time." —*audience-member*

So put on your suits, ladies and gentlemen, we're going through the Orion belt. No, really, put on your suits, *we've run out of time.* The rise of literary economics has made us have to cut this thing short. The truth is that we need to finish this thing before Christmas so that during the new year we can try to publish the 500 page block of 16 novellas: The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema. But that is all we will say about the Exhibition because enough has elsewhere in the series been over-and-over-again repeated.

The assignment is to realize why we are suffering. There has been a blast in history, a detonation that has left everything backwards. It's no longer possible to read history linearly, or to find accurate facts on a subject such as Cubism, because it exists in too many different formations. What I mean is that everything has shook from the bottom, and everything is displaced. Cubism no longer exists, only a thousand fragments. It is up to the art historian to pick up several slivers and create sense out of it. He may not pinpoint all the curves of Cubism, but he will be able to tell the story of parts of its interior mechanisms as a movement. He will link Cubism to History, to Metaphysics, to Logic, and will extrapolate answers having to do with the Heart of Cubism.

The same thing can be done with art history itself and the language arts as well. Education is very important here. People need to be educated, and people need to study history. Aesthetics is not a bad idea, after all is said and done [ontology, theology, ethics]. I name the philosophy of art history the most valuable for me as a writer, because I can critique film projections, which has always been my dream.

Surviving the most horrible means that it can only get better from there. I have survived the most horrible, psychosis, and these novellas have kept my mind clear. Whatever it is I do in them, the novellas help me focus. Focus is central to human existence. Sounds like a redundancy, but it's true.

We are at the frontier of what is real and non-real. Dreams are becoming more and more intense, and never leave us during the day when we are awake. Dream and film imagery is close at hand all of our lives, so much so that the impossible happens and we exclaim, "It's just like a movie!" This will not entirely spoil our existences, but comes close. What can we do about it? We can study the media, study the use of technologies, study ads, businesses, speech structures, discourses, history, space and time. We can never lose by giving a critical eye to things of this world. There is no mystery, only the fiery activity of existence in all its manifold ways. We are part of a great comedy much like Dante's. What we make of it remains to be known. We should definitely not abandon the making of books and the writing of novellas.

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THE END

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Vapors/Abysms III:

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I
Vapors
II
Atmospherics
III
Abysms

I

Introduction:

Surplice. White in shadow. Trails at the legs. Vehemently broken, tides, waves in flourish. Violet moon promenading over cloud; spoons to the Union in Blood. Trinitarian by choice. Opals by the door's foot. Open. Blackshroud carpet by the empty heals keeling, walk across the chess-board: *frozen.*

Mesmer out the Ages. The corollary has a second step, units of severance populate the pupil of a Metaphysical Body. *In extensio*, all is cut from the umbilicus. No more solidification, all is watery and moist. Prelude to war-hammer: *distraught in the field of perception*. All is antinomial.

Nominal. A toccata and fugue, a sonata in Moonlight tones, counterpoint, Voices in argument, declaratory and descriptive propositions, harmony in speech, harmonic overtones in meaning. *Declaratory and descriptive propositions:* declaratory as in declaring a standpoint, naming the issue, writing a

prescription to take you to the next level of bureaucracy. There is a *textual* paper gyre or vortex that creates, destroys, realigns, transmits, describes, tabulates Physical Reality. Empiricity is a *cul-de-sac*.

In French it's *clair-obscure*, light/shade or light/dark, with its boundaries, borders, '*vehemently broken, tides, waves in flourish'*. The field of perception, dark and tangential, tarnished in a totem tantrum in the theatre of tempera theory, scrolls, lockets, clocks, secrets, diaries, romanticism in the heart, at the heart, the heart between two poles, an arc, a curve from pole A to pole B, and the middle ground of intervening mediator, moving on the arc from A to B, mediating information, collecting, transcribing, realizing data transmissions.

It is a figural locution. Ornate and dandy. Picturesque. Descriptive vowel sounds, consonnances revealing the truth of the moment [applied pragmatism of iconology in English poetry 1900-2000]. Translations in English of German poetry, of French novels, Russian stories, myths of all nations, groups, traditions, long conceptual genealogies, histories of histories of the spectral Mind post-modern on the origin.

Historical materialism, the objects in the room, their histories, their conditions of existence, their tag, price, value, signification. All is a complex shroud of transient messages. Enter the system. She is a labyrinth, a great forest alive with fury. Make way for the elephants in an elephantine march.

You have the first figures of a fugue in writing. It's the path we're on, our practical methodology. The mediating fluid from point A to point B is self-recognizing and thereby self-entrapping. It is a disease without a cure: *Language.* The only cure is appropriation of efficacy in exponents of textual modulation.

II

Frescoed Dome. Static. More than static: *Interference.* The mediator must *Intervene.* That is the job of language. When one starts on a job that is the doing, not the planning, and one is entering into a workplace whose agency is language, that one will begin on a note and end on another and not know the difference once the fluid of language has taken its place the place of the heart of all hearts and digests and

Language will always make it stick together. Meaning is fluvial, gives me dysentery. There's brokerage to be involved in language. But I swear when it feels like it language can weave the most fantastic, the most imperial, legendary, casual, *fluxus*, top-hatted, flamboyant, creative, illusory.

The fresco is a mosaic of episodes. It is painted on a domed ceiling, purely Rococo. Maybe it's Baroque, I never could tell the difference. Majestic, anyhow. Summer is gone now and autumn has turned out the lights. Trees are empty of their leaves. How often has a writer written about autumn? I've written about it many times. When it's autumn we can't help divulge the secret. Should a writer be telling you where he or she is, what time of year it is, or should the writer not be part of the narrative, hidden?

I keep thinking of static sounds on an old radio. Perhaps the scratching of a needle on a gramophone. Scratch, scrrratch! the needle breaks and time spills onto the wet pavement. Or the carpet. Soft on the feet. Towels. Construction paper. Apples and vodka, winter, doldrums. Escapade in the fiery pit of hell that is the city. How many modern writers have written about the city, damn it?

Nothing is new to the blinded martyr. The saint, however great he is, doesn't knows how much a dozen eggs costs. *"I close my eyes and see the world's true form. I swim with the tides of the blackened storm."* And the Derrida-drum hits me in the tomahawk. Stay with me. Please.

Atmospherical noise is the closest thing to what I mean to express with II. A tale unfolds that pierced the sky. That's the only way to put it. I've seen something happen that words can't express, something grandiose. But don't get me wrong… there's a war out there in the world right now, a terrible terrible war, and that's not what I'm talking about. What I saw wasn't outside, isn't something physically real exactly. It's more metaphysical than physical. It's not that complicated really. You can find it if you just listen to language. It's all there in the rolling of words off the tongue. You can taste it. You can feel it too. It's a teeny little fractal that encompasses all that it is to be human. A DNA sparklet. A pustule of human existence that pops and in that one second everything unfolds that is human. It's the frescoed dome.

III

Shielded by the black sky, enshrouded by its interstellar waxing and waning; the breath of the stars, the unmitigated breaching of the colonial rule. I see a cinema. A dark and tonal cinema of human pondering, contemplation of the globe and its many seas, its bustling and ebbing and flowing.

Flutter by sweet sedentary mists in the thicket. Ample stocks providing. Torn down, estuary blanket in a town of fulgent identities standing. The caravans have missed the target. The truth is that I've

lost my knack at writing poetry. But still I promised myself I'd finish these novellas, and so I write in the middle of the night as fast as I can as though I still had the gift and it's not half bad, but I need to warm up.

Falsifying history is too easy. It's much harder to tell the truth. Werewolves, Dracula… the human mind is wired to believe lies. This is the dark truth of humanity. Tongue-tied and mongrel-fucked in the city of cities, hell-on-earth combustibles frequent-flyer miles on the horizon off the coast of…

Mexican fire-house a series of long-jumps, the terror is a miracle, is an aristocracy for painters needing commissions badly. Strike the wayfarers on this side of the Mexican border. Unite in a cashew-find if the letters keep creating havoc. We need nuts. Fire-hazard.

The creativity of each is the many sirloins of a massive highway hijack. Casualties number the fisticuffs in barroom nights. All is along the productive sequencing of able-bodied workmen in the park. All is casual and monotonous to the sound of a jingling bell. Jingle, jingle, spark-plugs on the riverside.

This is the darkest truth that I know. It is that a never-ending crevasse extends deeper and deeper downward without any end. It's like trying to fit a tractor in your living room. It just won't fit through the front door. You'd have to take the tractor apart and rebuild it in the living room.

Enter the Baron, Baron from St-Hilaire.

He is in Montreal. I, the writer, extend this story to you, dear reader, about my friend the Baron. He is known by many names, Baron von Holzt, Baron Napoleonic Night, Nyx St-Pete, Projector/Projectionist [since he always tells his psychiatrist Jake Willborn the same story about the friend he meets in the café in Montreal on Crescent street, the young Projectionist].

I know Baron's doctor and I have met the Baron a few times, times enough to hear his story which I will retell. To do this, I must turn to the Baron directly and simply record the story he tells everyone, his psychiatrist, me, a rich story about a world of information in which he is an active part, the Boy from the Cemetery who is a messenger of Baron's important ideas that he manages through a Dream Assembly.

Baron Napoleonic Night: "I met the old projectionist at a café on Crescent street. I'm working in the field of information as a detonator of cavalcades of authentic ideas, disgorging facts spurious from the main system. The Projectionist tells me his story at the café one Sunday afternoon about the Tonal Cinema or *Cinéma Tonale* where he works, otherwise known as the hot spot for spiritual creativity. He works with time and makes magic. people are addicted to his movies. He has a movie about Baron St-Hilaire which often gets mixed up with myself because it is about a Baron in the town of St-Hilaire in the 1800s, but I swear it is a coincidence.

"The Projectionist plays a movie about Victor Vortex three times a week at the Tonal Cinema. He's a master reelman. His sounds are impeccable. His ideas about the Tonal Cinema itself, built in the early 1970s, are astounding, to say the least. It is a magical place, says the Projectionist. 'Tonal Cinema is composed of several interlocking voices, a fugue of sorts, a musical construction, for it is Tonal, has a tonal center and system, harmony, a musical tonality, works with various poetic and prosy Tones, and a cinema, a real phantasmagoria of prose; Tonal cinema is the Light-and-Dark, is a mystical vision, is a garden or paradise, or a marriage,' says P. Projectionist."

I saw Baron P. Projectionist on a Sunday afternoon. I went over to his house to see him about a discovery I had made, compositions in green that I was painting and that I thought he could help me decipher them further. I am now acquainted with Tonal Cinema enough to explain it myself without the use of the voice of the Baron or his story of the Projectionist, or the projectionist's story of Victor Vortex who works in the Tonal Cinema; I can just go straight to Tonal Cinema through myself, for I have experienced it.

This is the premise of this text. The Boy goes to the Cemetery to relay messages. The Baron gives the Boy initially-formed messages. Victor is a film made by the Projectionist, but many variations have been performed on this theme. I am not the Baron, neither am I the Projectionist. I certainly am not Victor Vortex. I am merely writing this text because it needs to be written. But perhaps I can turn to a speech by the Projectionist about his experience with Painter A.

Projectionist: "I was at Painter A.'s house the other day. I watched him paint. This man can manufacture such beautiful aesthetic experiences. He never forgets keeping his light and his dark in perfect equilibrium. He creates spiritual masterpieces. Somehow his paintings make me think of music, of the Varèse kind. New York City sounds. At any rate, I was telling him about Tonal Cinema as he was

painting and in the end his painting became Tonal Cinema. There was a strange mutual influence between us, as from writer to reader, a relationship that pierces through time, cuts it, breaks the dialectical action-response in a strange network of quotes and metaphors. We attained truth that night through a mysterious new logic.

"Always from the depths. De profundis, always. That is where the characters of Tonal Cinema exist, deep inside the crevasse. The rest is just sound, lines traced by voices, by changes in Tone. It's meant to be a form of indirect communication in the Kierkegaardian-modern sense, or Kafka, Benjamin. Painter A. is an allegorist in the visual plane. He has a modern iconography, but remains an allegorist in Tonal Cinema, like me. Tonal Cinema is what it sounds like: *le Cinéma Tonale.*"

I am not Painter A, although it really seems like he could be me. I am nothing more than a mediator between characters, textures, shapes. "Enjoy the show," the Projectionist always says before a projection of one of his films. It's true, language just takes control of you and the rest is unimportant details, you just ride the ride, flow down the mountainside. Your regular hallucinogenic experience.

So from the depths of the Abysm in the introductory cycle, we begin a new cycle in the next moment.

I

PHOTOGRAPHY: TREATISE ON LIGHT:

Not light per se. Illuminicity. It is what makes this text integral. Autumn comes with an influx of ideas. Ideas to chew over the winter. The projector spills forth a gleaming light, with a hint of bluish-grey, a hue of sorrow in the smoky air. It is mystical, but that word doesn't cut it. Dreary light of the projector at night. There is certainly a realm of ideas, but not anywhere else but directly in each of our minds. This is the phenomenology of film as it is projected in the textual medium. Language allows things to be this way.

Light has a lot to do with Vapors & Abysms. Atmospherics is the *milieu*, the middle-ground in which most of the mediation lies. Vapors is light, Abysms is dark. Atmospherics is silver. By now you are well acquainted with the material of these texts. The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema is something I know from firsthand knowledge. It is an original account, and it comes from several specific places: Kierkegaard's indirect communication *and* musical and filmic structures. There is an intense yet subtle light and there are cameras on every page. It is up to the reader to construct what binds it all together.

We have been to the Auberge, the Inn, to the theatre, to St-Hilaire, Beloeil, Montreal. At the same time we can see different concepts of art history fitting together, different sciences bound together in a philosophical scheme, the semiotics of visual culture, metaphysic of art movements, phenomenology of film, iconography, etc. etc. all fitting into a network of influence/affluence. This compartmentalization, this fitting of narratives within other narratives like Chinese dolls, this Cubist technique of *tableau-tableau* is integral to Tonal Cinema. Why Tonal Cinema and not something else? One need not divulge all secrets. Some of us may be interpreting things as though they were part of an important path we were on, dancing majestically to the rhythm of a special constellation of stars, of concepts, of shapes, graphic ideas, of textual forms… but it might all be what the Baron says is a bit of a 'self-abnegating whirlpool of blasphemy'. This is what language does to human beings, turns them inside out, converts them into an abstract scenery or schemata where anything can happen. It is no longer certain who is who, and this is the motion of subjectivity, when all exists and happens to all in equal bushels. When the words of the seer become part of your most meticulous hallucination, when a word passing in your mind connects to trinities of thought.

This is the cause of the Light: *the Projector*. The abysm of the audience experiences the exhibition of images on the screen. There is a strange logic to it all, to the projectionist's masterpiece of film events. He calls the show "the Database of Images, or Exhibition in Tonal Cinema. The strange logic is the Vortex. The audience is made of Vapors and Abysms, Dark and Light, all the paradoxes or polarities of human existence. I am Projector/Projectionist, I evaluate and control the video production. I act as mediator to Light, Time and Experience. A sort of wave receiver. The narrative is *there* in language."

So he deconstructs all sorts of things in his films. But more about the mere shapes of cinema, the shape of the projector, the theatre, the curtains & screen, the eager audience, the ceiling with glimmering chandeliers, exits to the left and right. There isn't much to say except that it forms a perfect crystal, metaphorical/interpretative alliance of sounds colliding in a rush of exact forces, blasting in the sunshine dearly vacated of strife in an escapade of gory ghastlic *gregario.* It's a meeting-place.

Editorial:

As for the parts of the theatre or cinema… the cinema screen has been called the *reality screen* in previous issues of Tonal Cinema Digest. Ed Forward is editor of the Tonal Cinema Digest. He describes all the different parts that build the entire cinema experience. That was in the first issue. Nowadays, he writes brilliantly philosophically about films like *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari,* or *On the Waterfront.* But he has been known to cover music theory, film theory, art history, psychology, but mostly philosophy. Sometimes Ed Forward whips out an amazing 40-page example of fine literary criticism, his favorite being Dostoevsky.

He is a humanitarian. He gives 25% of his profits to charity. He owns the newspaper. It grew out of his room in his basement during his late teens. He and a friend P.P. created a comic book at first, with long stories called *The Dark Cinema.* It was really strange, objects were speaking in the main room of the Tonal theatre, chairs speaking, fans speaking, audience member's thoughts, popcorn, straws. All was animated beautifully. They even made a short film on super-8 called *Brandishing the sword in cinematica.* It was 8 minutes long, very structuralist and two-sided [allegorical].

Ed describes the chairs, old wooden chairs, a theatre in an old Art Nouveau sort of style, with lily-like ornamentation on the arm-rests. "History speaks marvels. Always the same shapes, I swear, History is a tonal cinema on its own."

Ed Forward is on the phone saying, "Remember Chroma? Chroma is a painter.
The same shapes keep spinning round and round the center of the vortex."

II

THE BOOK: TEXT AND CIRCULATION OF IDEAS:

Experimentation with a textual medium. Listening to the works of the moment being played out in abstract math. Surrealist prose on the mount of mounts: Mount Etna in a cerebral splash. *The Projector* by Alex Lavigne is an interdisciplinary thesis from the fields of mathematics, mechanics, and poetry, yielding a large wheel of symbolism using a psychotherapeutic plan, transcribing human consciousness to paper, to juxtaposed texts, to mixtures of different tonalities, registers, and creating a virtual as well as material animation. Always the two poles, the paradox of positionality: light/dark, black/white, left/right, day/night, king/queen, milk/blood… the marriage of opposites, the marriage of the Baron, of the sea, of the Priestess cleaning dead bodies, anointing them head to toe in oils that she pours from ceramic bowls.

It works in several diametrically opposed subsystem-forms that coagulate within one scale of spiritual-theoretical events that are transcribed into texts in prose. Sometimes we use poetry in the name of ornamentation. The main body is architectural, and simple-modern. We enter the abyss soon enough.

Atmospherics is about cleaning up the sounds on the stage so the voices of the actors can be clear in sound. Not too much paper, cardboard is better, no hard shoes, not too much leather, not too many props, just a chair and a character being played in old Danish millhouse 1840s with a suit on. The circulation of ideas is a mechanism of our minds. We circulate through spirals and wheels. We know the Carnival, the Prison, the spiritual garden. We know the cinema of our deepest most honorable dream-places. We meet in a commitment. We form a rule that is dictatorial in its embassy of strictly tonal text-forms, but dictatorial to itself, not to human beings. We believe in a cautious ethical code, one that allows the most freedom for the most people. No overcrowding of desires, of egos. Desires and ego kept at a minimum.

The Book is lengthy. But it can be exposited in a short aphorism. Nietzsche showed us that potential. His lines were like hammer-blows. Or Burroughs with the train-sound of his typewriter drowned in textualities, in convex collateral shape-shifters, situations, planes, levels, plateaus [Deleuze]. Art history is works on a *horizonal* line.

III

SUPPLEMENT ON ALTERITY:

We see it as convenience. Thoroughly and throughout. The Supplement is a small cavity in time and space where a bundle of joy exists, a real treasure-chest of ideas and story-forms. They are projected through a crystalline mechanism, a sort of triadic formulation that exposes the film of ideas and transduces them to static forms as images on brilliant paper. The trick is we project transparencies, several of them laid one over the other, different colors to obtain a variety of results. Text is moving.

Casually whoofing lines to the beat of a horse dancing, prancing along the trail. With the beat of a heart, casually breathing in the words of a line, the line you once could remember but now remember not, the lines to a poem that was so close to you heart a hundred years ago when the time slowly crawled along the edge of a life the trajectory of which follows a gloomy path, your life, your dead ages ago, in your mind you are a rotten carcass, your genitalia is mangled, is wrinkled and dried brittle. Alterity is the beast of verbal annihilation: all is a reflection in the mirror of the crystal of time, the pond water, and vehicles a story of multiplicity to the supplicant host of historical materialism as a puppet that exhausts no fuel, that dynamo of flesh and wounds, scratches, cricks & nickels…

There is something *beyond* That. All is part of a spectral-vibratory unit of reflection. Pure theory means pure theatre as much as it means *pure contemplation*. *Theoria*, the Latin root. Behind it is an animal transmogrifying into a flower, a spirit flowing through a jaguar becoming a rose, a wheel of symbolism, an animal magnetism, a deep dark power, love, passion, festivity in the grass on a Sunday afternoon in the summer. Beyond all this is that lair of godliness, of jewels' essence, where colors are fabricated.

The animality makes the curvature of the argument. It is spinal and it thrives in inwardness. No judge covets the jury's decision in this virtually court-less Court or Assembly where dream and reality is written. The Baron speaks of this place, he says,

"All the living in their daily life commit thoughts and actions to the Dream Assembly. Their dreams activate motions in the Assembly, their actions create connections in the nexus of the Office, Court, Assembly, what have you. I give speeches at the Doctor's House and to friends which concretizes Dream/Reality Material. Little do people know, but people are what stitches the fabric of History. I mean that actual thoughts and words hold it all together, make it visible and durable."

I

BEYOND OTHERNESS: FIGURALITY OF MORALS:

Severity of the moment. Criticality at that most specific of times: *reading time.* There is no way around it. Textuality presupposes reading and time. The first few facts of the experience of *text* culminate to create a criticality which upsets the whole horizon of the reader/writer commune. It creates an ethical time which in turn becomes somewhat religious. For instance, one can become addicted to text as though it were gifts from heaven. This could be seen as the religiosity of the reading experience.

Values are shaped by reading. Writing is the creation of codes. An ethical code slips into the picture when human subjectivity enters the game. The code will confine the language used to certain centers around which the text will flow. Religious time is formed by *figurality*. This is a form of definition by circumscribed description. It functions with the same centers.

Art historian A. is in his office. He is giving a seminar in 45 minutes. He is studying his notes. His lecture will be about the concepts of art history and how they interact in art historiography and in the subject's mind. He must show the different parts of art history, the different sciences or methods that make it up and how they fit together, one inside the other. For instance, art theory falls within the philosophy of art, as does the semiotics of visual culture. Iconography falls under art criticism which is within the scope of art historiography, which in turn is subject to the philosophy of art. All of this he will cover in his seminar.

The work of art is created with an aesthetic and a metaphysical base. A phenomenology comes after the cause of the work of art. Art historian A. is about to give his speech. He wants to be eloquent and clear. Clarity is an undervalued element to art history speeches. He will also use a projector, projecting acetates that he himself made of different concepts, diagrammed, charted, presented in simple images.

It's the same structures that are presented in text, be it a text on art history or on economics; text takes the shapes of Chinese dolls or Scheherazade's thousand-and-one tales deferring the death sentence. The death sentence is exactly that: the death *sentence*. It is what you reach in your final hour once you've covered nearly everything that makes up human reality. You come to the conclusion that we live so that we can die. Life is hardship, is suffering, is painful and black. The death sentence is a sentence that incorporates existential truths, subjectivity. The rest is details in between what's projected on the cinema screen. The projectionist makes his way to work where he will project his innermost desires.

II

CENTRAL PLAN: ORIGINARY ACCOUNTS:

Firsthand, I have knowledge of human deception, illusions that crowd the being-space of humans. Originary accounts. Telling it from firsthand knowledge, empirical data, the aesthete's realm. No letters from above your rank. No novellettes from out of town. Historical fact and none other.

The sun rises in the east and knows no other way. We are delaying the main message. Extrapolation leads us to this place: *Atmospherics indeed; wounded up and up to speed.* This is the funereal break. This the iodine shuffle. We are in the veins now, not remitting. Casually funked in Dampersland.

Art is much beautifuller on the outside. On the inside it is an insatiable madness. It curves inward and extrapolates exactly a deferential mediumship. It casts a shadow six feet long and wide. It is a beautiful projection from the projectionist. Blues and greys, browns, gold. Articulate friendship.

The bogus year is annulled. You now have a bonus.

Theory to chattering monkey brains. We are the monkey brains.

This is the internship to the friendly sky's madness who along the river raises an apostrophe, ho!

Rhythmical in its action. Like clouds play symphonies above my head. The seas churn with a better wave than the light that my lens focuses. I am the pupil. Stronger than the plane you used to introduce this play.

The Projectionist plays with his projector, projecting a whole panoply of charades and fiascos. He is master of his machines, creates an aesthetic experience *to die for*. He is maitre d', he is the maestro. Never since Beethoven has a man captivated an audience with such fire and brimstone.

He blinks and the box office is closed. Closed every Tuesday for reconstruction of one of the hallways that caught fire due to popcorn, strangely enough. Gogol's 'Dead Souls' was published in 1842. Kierkegaard published 'Either/Or' in 1843. One can safely say that existentialism was flavouring the literature of the day. The taste for the epic, the heroic, the flagrant, the delirious.

I imagine a piano player sitting at the old wooden bench with multifarious inklings into the nature of humanity running through his fingers. "What does erotic love love?—An enclosure." [Either/Or, I, p.442, Kierkegaard]. That is how *he* snares you. The irony is that it's real, very real, and it is about your very life. You must make a decision, Either this Or that, but it is your decision to make. No one can do it for you.

One also entertains the idea, what came first, the aesthetic or the ethical sphere? Either/Or, it doesn't matter. The decision is yours to make. Language just sounds that way to human ears. Nothing else need be said, there are infinite possibilities in such a text. You can make countless innovations in/on yourself/your self. Kierkegaard is a master of indirect communication. He *encloses* writers into each other. He is the desk he has hacked with the hatchet which spills out text. His engagement to Regina Olsen is the desk he has hacked with the hatchet which spills forth numerous narratives. Philosophy is the desk which you hack which reveals the hidden script. Each text has multiple possibilities. The potential is gargantuan.

'Dead Souls' brings up a similar problem. Gogol's text and your reading of it is a troika [carriage] running through provincial towns. Where the carriage stops is up to you. Gogol's text crashes near the end, and slowly disappears into fragments then blows away. Its climax is an anticlimax. And all along, you ask yourself, what do I need of dead souls? Can I be this character for a moment to understand the great wealth of possibilities which lay before him/me?

Ralph Waldo Emerson published *Essays: First Series* in 1841. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote *The Celestial Railroad* in 1843. Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, in Germany, published *The Jew's Beech-Tree* in 1843. In 1843, the Brothers Grimm published the 5th edition of their *Children's and Household Tales.* In 1842 Tennyson published *Poems*, in two volumes. Edgar Allan Poe published in 1843 *The Black Cat, The Gold-Bug, The Pit and the Pendulum,* and *The Tell-Tale Heart.* This is all to give you an idea of what was going on around the time Kierkegaard wrote *Either/Or*.

Irony has to do with knowledge, so does allegory, or maybe with allegory we'd call them beliefs specifically, or codes, laws, call it what you want, they are a necessary part of logic and language, these figures of displacement-replacement. And you always have recourse to a narrative as an option. Irony to me rides with paradox, sarcasmus, mycterismus in dialogue. They are modes of indirect communication, of slanted portrayals, metaphor, collapsed metaphorical continuity, time-signs and time-tellers [the Hourglass].

“The principal characteristics of the “Scapigliatura” movement of the mid-19th century were a deep-rooted aversion to the sentimentalism and conformism of late Romanticism and a conviction that the only valid subject of poetry was “truth”. In the end, however, the group (Arrigo Boito, Emilio Praga, Iginio Ugo Tarchetti and Giovanni Camerana as well as the painters Daniele Ranzoni and Tanquillo Cremona) failed to create a new poetic movement and remained purely avant-garde writers in revolt, in both life and art, against middle-class conformism, “official” literature, the patriotism of the Risorgimento and all other forms of social and literary convention.”

Ma chambre

Ma demeure est haute,
Donnant sur les cieux;
La lune en est l'hôte
Pâle et sérieux.
En bas que l'on sonne,
Qu'importe aujourd'hui ?
Ce n'est plus personne,
Quand ce n'est pas lui !

Aux autres cachée,
Je brode mes fleurs;
Sans être fâchée,
Mon âme est en pleurs;
Le ciel bleu sans voiles,
Je le vois d'ici;
Je vois les étoiles,
Mais l'orage aussi !

Vis-à-vis la mienne
Une chaise attend :
Elle fut la sienne,
La nôtre un instant;
D'un ruban signée,
Cette chaise est là,
Toute résignée,
Comme me voilà !

Marceline Desbordes-Valmore

III

CITY ARCHITECTURE: LIGHT AND SHADOW:

Tons and tons of steel and concrete. Glass still has pizzazz. Historical materialism is a practise which we here can only stage, for we have no real materials but our own inventions. Speaking of art, however, this is a fine piece or thing that can be analyzed, interpreted, processed, copied, spoken on, written about, reconstructed in virtuality, semblances made, ornate gifts to the image you created…

White-plank and boxcars. Boxes, cases, suitcases, baskets, bushels, bags. The container is a new motif in art. Some say it is linked to our births, some say it is the sun, the moon, the seasons, the oceans, the rain, fruit growing on the trees, potatoes growing in the soil. Realism had no architecture, really, unless you decide to label a particular architectural creation Realist in one or two ways. The thing-in-itself is not reachable. This makes me think of 1848 and the state of historical materialism.

The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema is the name of the text I have written which is sixteen novellas long. In it, I speak about the text itself. This is a form of historical materialism. In this text, the Exhibition in Tonal Cinema, I also speak of an actual cinema house, I write about building it, about the Gothic style of its architecture, I speak of the chairs, the screen, the projector and projectionist, the projectionist walking to work in the afternoon in Old Montreal, the lives of simple people, important people who have a great

influence on the world around them, midnight cafés, the stealing of the Exhibition… all these things are potentially forms of historical materialism.

Structuralism in film in the 1960s was a form of historical materialism. Burroughs made cut-up films where elements of film-making were incorporated into the final product. Showing signs of the inner structures of a medium is potentially a form of historical materialism. Beckett laid the book-form bare in *Molloy*, *Malone Dies*, and *The Unnameable.* Architecture is made entirely of these basic structures.

The aura of an object is all the associations that can be made within, around, and in it. The history of the object, the course of its production, the means, its buyers, its sellers, the class the object belongs to, all this is the object's aura, as far as I can apprehend. "Architecture is frozen music."—Goethe or maybe Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling, his contemporary. One of the two said that about architecture.

I

PROMULGATION OF GENETIC IDEAS:

Variety of production. System collapses. Teacups and a bread-box for five seconds. A canvas, spoons, forks, material. All stripes and colors. Communities of the earth. Projector/Projectionist in the booth speaking miracles to the eye and ear of Mr. So-and-so.

Baron is on the screen, old Baron of St-Hilaire. He eats at the Auberge in Old Beloeil on Sundays. He has his family there indulging in a feast. Cameras flash, pictures are taken. Snapshots of the kids, grandfather at the piano. At the Auberge everyone is happy except young Alex who sits and reads Nabokov in the pale moonlight with aspirations of playing the great grand piano at the Manor House.

It is a film about the Baron of St-Hilaire in 1843. "All that we have left of the Baron are his diaries. The film is constructed from the diaries." says the P. Projectionist. "I had some old photographs my great-grandfather took. He was pretty good, took some rather mystical photographs. I used them in the film. The Narrator is a friend of mine, Doctor Jake Willborn who has a fine voice, deep register."

Remember that I met the Baron at his house. There are several stories and I don't want to be one to mix up voices, mix up speakers. The Baron told me about the Projectionist's film. He speaks to everybody of his friend the Projectionist's films. I was no exception. The Projectionist told the Baron about his film and the diaries of the Baron St-Hilaire that the Projectionist used to make his film about the Baron. Without further ado, here is an excerpt from the diary:

July 15th

I have had a breakthrough. Time no longer flows as it used to. My concoction has changed my experience of time. All my experiences are tainted by the tincture. No one can know about this mad laboratory that I have. My test tubes must remain a secret. I have had a terrible breakthrough. I feel as though temporality possesses me. I writhe and enter another laboratory where text is being chewed up by ravenous machines. It almost feels like a dream world. Alright. You have purchased me at a fair price. The tincture is opium. I have my reasons for even keeping it a secret from myself. But I did not intend on a confession. I just thought, if someone read this, they would know, and so I lied to myself. End of confession.

I now have the perfect moment to express my position on text. I think that mysticism grabs a hold of you after you have read a certain amount of text. It is an ancient tradition that the texts themselves pass onto you. Before you know it, the magic has a hold of you and you go on an ancient voyage through various planes, spheres, until you reach the gleaming center where the vision lies that you are adoring and that saves you. This message comes from my heart. There is a world of historical truths, a world of appearances, of figures, a world of nominations, neutral ground, ground zero, a world of noumena. A realm of truth.

The ideas spun a web…

II

THE BACKGROUND: INFRASTRUCTURE

Theories backward inward left-hand right-hand all about the place. Frequent the Salon, see some new paintings. The interior of the paintings, the crystal image inwardly. "I want to make something of Tonal Cinema." The Projectionist speaking to the Baron speaking to me.

Me speaking this to you. It is a tragic tale and honestly sometimes I don't know how to tell it. I've thought up all sorts of ways to tell the tale, none of which I could say were really decisive enough to be the necessary form of the message. Maybe shape or form is arbitrary. But yet I continue to do my best to capture as much of the code as possible. It is an ethical, religious, and mystical code. There's no other way to say it. The only other way to say it is that it is NOT an ethical, religious, and mystical code.

It is and is not about positionality. Status, it isn't; breadth, it is. It is about the tools of a trade and not about a funeral. It is a celebration of life, is not a drama per se. More of a dramatization. An animation, I've come to call it. Or a single projection hither or thither. Late-night movie madhouse. Cinema plus.

Kant said: "But though all our knowledge begins with experience, it does not follow that it all arises out of experience."

a priori concepts, Pure Reason: Empiricism to Pure Reason, Baroque, Romantic Genius, then to Realism somehow. Realism Romanticized poverty. It was the search for the real. For truth, historical truth. No more historical paintings, but paintings full of history. Memory is exercized.

Quality photographs. Kodac cameras for everyone, 1888. Picasso was born in 1881. In his youth, then, Picasso will have seen the rise of the use and influence of the camera. He is right there in the middle of a vortex. He and a dozen other painters of 1907 will have created Modern art. We can no longer now look back into the history of art and have a direct link to the ancient traditions of the world because most of those links were broken in the time of the creation of Cubism. Nearly all ties severed then.

Still art has leaves blowing in the wind on a starry evening in November, chilly out on the hillside with a view of the steeper slopes. "Something just happened with Evelyn with language, we were standing and then language sucked us into an argument that made no sense, just language flowing out of our mouths, no sense, just language coming up and against the same retinue of cloistered foster homes." thinks Baron.

The individual was given a great power. "Follow her admonition," says Cassandra. The dramatistic urge that loads us in our quest towards the Gothic hillock, our frames eeking out of themselves. Feverish in the winter with a slap of the flurries. Metaphysical chills down your spine. It makes me think of the tools of painting, the mediums used. I can use paper, canvas, plastic, wood. Juan Gris used a mirror in his *Le Lavabo.* It was something that he couldn't paint, that only a mirror could offer. A sort of subjective viewing experience that changes with everyone.

I've been thinking about Realism. I read a book on Realism over the last few weeks interspersed with various readings on Cubism. The two mixed together nicely. Somehow I have come out with a new way of viewing art history, a more social-historical outlook, historical materialist, but really, how could you not be historical materialist with art history? It is the one history with the most valuable materials. The only other thing would be a history of production, of the machines of production. Paintings are the product's product. They are the uttermost material material. Somehow I think Kant created this notion of art as historical material.

It's all about Tone. If I tell my friends I'm okay but say it with a fragile, brittle tone, they will get worried. They know right away that I am lying. In the same way, I can change the world with Tone. I can use innovative tonal systems. I can teach fundamental truths. But mostly people aren't even listening. All the better for the tonal system; it will get absorbed into the societal mass.

Therefore we have Tonal Cinema. It is a code. Speakers pass them onto listeners. Broadcasting companies pass them onto viewers. Painters contain them in their art. They are tonal systems. You can edit a tonal system. It adheres to the medieval philosophy of it all, side by side with the data of data collection system in transmission. Tonal Cinema, then, is itself an art. It isn't a code. It isn't a system. It has nothing to do with broadcasting and medieval philosophy. No humors, no black bile. Just poetry-generation of a generation of poetry.

III

SECRETS OF THE BLACK BACKWARD:

Letter to Doctor D.:

Dear Doctor D.,

I had a powerful dream last night that I thought I would write to you about, since you are my therapist. I only want to deal with the first sequence of the dream, because it is the most important. I have found several possible meanings; I turn to you for more concrete answers.

The dream begins with a reporter asking a seventeen year old kid if he can interview him. The kid immediately says, “I disagree.” I then walk up to the kid and tell him he should really do the interview and he tells me he won’t. All of a sudden there is a crowd of kids and we’re in a school yard parking lot and the kids are bugging him. I immediately come to his defence, countering their insults and protecting him. I begin fighting with them physically and as I push a girl to the ground, I tell them all I am a separatist. They are all baffled and angered by my statement and we fight some more. At this point I tell the kids, “I am a separatist and you are not separatists, but can’t you see that we’re the same? We all have an ideology, we are all human, all that differs is one idea on one issue: separation, but we are the same since we both hold to our respective arguments.”

It went over with the crowd and I left the town, which was in Ontario. I walked all night and made it to Peterborough. In Peterborough a cop stopped me and asked for ID. I gave her my identification and she began asking me questions. I had a newspaper with tomato sauce on it, and at the police station I saw a news report about a boy being stabbed to death by a crowd of kids in a town a few miles away. The newspaper I had in my hand was from that town, had the town’s name in the title [though I forget the name] and I absolutely did not want to be associate with the boy or the town, I wanted by all means to hide if from the police that I was even in that town so they wouldn’t question me.

I eventually got rid of the newspaper and they let me go. This is the whole sequence of the dream that I wanted to share with you. I’ve come to several conclusions.

First of all, I have to give more details. The reason the reporter wanted to interview the seventeen year old boy was because his father was the president and something awful had been going on in the family. The boy pretty much looked like I looked when I was seventeen. The reporter was some reporter I’ve seen on television. I guess I really regretted not being there for the boy when those kids killed him. I was his benefactor. If only he had been willing to go for the interview, this wouldn’t have happened. This dream reminds me of a painting by Painter E. His painting is called ‘Lune noire’ or ‘Black Moon’ and is a picture of a boy in a field of chaotic shapes. He created it in reaction to the fact that a famous Quebecois painter Jordi Bonet had lost his young son in a car accident. The painting is of the boy, and there is a black circle around his head that almost seems like a highbeam on a car. Anyway, the boy’s head is within the black circle, and the black circle is within the frame of the painting. This is why my dream reminds me of it because my dream had the same type of ‘enclosures’. For instance, the shape that the reporter and the boy took in the beginning of the dream was that of a small circle within a larger circle, and the boy’s father and family were an even bigger circle encircling the smaller circles. When I walked up to the boy to convince him to do the interview, I was merely a vector leading to the first circle [the boy]. When the crowd came up, the boy was the inner circle, I was a circle surrounding him and the crowd

was a circle surrounding us both. I think these circles might have to do with the id, the superego, and the ego in myself. The next shape was the boy [circle] and me [a vector] moving away from him.

These four shapes are very meaningful to me: circle within a circle within a circle, line leading to circle, circle within a circle within a circle, line leading away from circle. There is an important mathematical expression going on here that I can't quite figure out. Maybe you can help.

Painter E.'s painting, by the way, is known by everyone as 'The Boy from the Cemetery'. I've often told you how the story goes, I doubt you've forgotten. I meet the Boy from the Cemetery all the time to give him messages which he mediates to spirits in the graveyard. The spirits aren't actually in the graveyard, the graveyard is only a portal to another universe. If you think about it, when the Boy goes to the Cemetery to reach the other universe, his path takes the four shapes we saw in the beginning of my dream. 1 he is enclosing the message, enclosed in this universe; 2 he moves toward the other universe; 3 he is in the other universe enclosing the message; 4 he comes back to this universe.

I myself am a circle enclosing the Boy and his messages. He works under my jurisdiction. Oh, I've thought so much about this dream. But I need your help. It's trying to tell me something, but I can't quite figure it out.

Why the Boy? Am I the Boy? Is he in danger? Why do I not want to be associated with him or his town? Why do I feel guilty, for not saving him? save him from what? a crowd? where? I should be receiving my new guidelines from the Assembly very shortly. Maybe they are sending me messages in my dreams that I should give the Boy.

This dream led me to think of the shapes, to think of mediation, messages, agencies, clusters, constellations, juxtapositions, historical narratives. I truly need your assistance in this matter, only you know the key to my brain, to my deepest desires, and this dream is causing me intense agony from the sheer power of my will to know what it represents. Anything you can tell me on the matter, please do. I feel trapped in a perpetual encapsulating; the more I think of this dream, the more alienated from myself I feel, and I feel exiled or stranded in concentricity, or else I have lost my mind for good. What is this shape of the circle within the circle within the circle? It is the story of my life. What is it?

Sincerely,
The Baron

Inheritance:

I was lucky enough in my life to have inherited a wonderful treasure-chest. It was my grandfather's. He died well over ten years ago. For this last decade, I have cherished this treasure-chest as a great gift, for it is a marvellous construction. It is made of maple, I think, though I have no expertise in the field of wood recognition. It has a fresh smell, gilded edges.

Even luckier I was the day I found a secret compartment at the bottom of the chest. I laughed when I found it, I thought, "I can feel Kierkegaard smiling from heaven!" It is well known that his book 'Either/Or' begins with a similar story. One might in that case think me a liar, or one making up stories.

Nevertheless, I found a hidden compartment and in the treasure-chest was, well, a small treasure. There were three things: a gold watch [the kind you'd expect to find in the 1800s], a miniature Bible [which I still keep in my breast pocket to this day], and a letter from my great-grandfather to my grandfather. These are my prized possessions, and if I mention them, it is because they are important to me.

Without further ado, I'd like to quote from the letter, for it itself is a treasure-chest full of surprises.

Dear Roland, my son, and to future generations,

There were days that I stayed by the sea, listening carefully every moment to its gentle heaving, sometimes stormy crackling, for the sea is not merely sea, but sea and sky intermingling in natural society. Physical material has meaning, has constellations of associations about it. Other times I stayed in the forest and in its gloomy shelter found many truths about experience. I later would have put it all into a book about the concepts of art history. But the book is no longer with us, for it burnt in a fire in the 1920s. I lost not only that and many other original manuscripts, but it was the dreadful day we lost your mother. You were but a blossom.

I remarried and the woman you've come to know as your mother is a gentle and benevolent creature. She is full of warm ideas and has a philosophic mind when she puts it to that use, which she often did in the forest at home near the opening with the lilac trees. But she was not your mother.

Such is the way thought moves, and artistic creation. With your mother went my love of writing, and since that moment, painting has been my only consolation. When I say that thought moves in this way, I mean that ideas/thought 'remarries', is recontextualized, is *given* by a speaker/writer, enters the field of discourse, and is constantly translated, transduced, recapitulated. An image, when it leaves the hands of a painter, breaks a communion and for petty cash becomes prostituted through a new espousal.

Marriage is as true in life as it is in text and painting. When your real mother died, Annette, words were taken with me. My manuscripts were stolen from me, and with them words left my heart. I could no longer write a poem. I needed a new medium, and took up painting.

With painting came a new life, and with a new life, came your step-mother Alice. She was more beautiful than Annette, though beauty is relative in many cases. She was beautiful, but her face was always pasted in my mind with the image of your real mother's rotting flesh, in her grave back home. Call me twisted, son, but if I cannot tell you these things that have plagued me for 50 years, who can I tell them to? I have all my life hidden my morbid thoughts, and now they can no longer remain hidden.

I see her everywhere. Alice could not have been your mother because we never made love. The great fire took away my libido completely. Only artistic creation had I time to invest in. We've made love in a sense, we've kissed, we've fondled each other, we've masturbated together and performed oral sex on one another, but penetrated her, no. I have never been able to penetrate another woman, for in those flames my greatest creation burnt, the mother of my son, you, Roland,

died, and only with her was I truly ever capable of creating life with… Oh, it just took the life right out of me. I could from that moment on, only mold lifeless matter, lifeless shapes, colors. And somehow text is close to life, or it had been in my conception of it. The fire took that too, it took my voice.

It is exactly one year since Alice, your step-mother, died, and a year also since my eyesight greatly worsened. I am an old man, Roland. My years of painting gave me one thing, great control over my arms and hands, great precision, so that even now that my eyesight is nearly all gone, and I can barely discern forms or color, a third eye leads me and makes me able enough to write you this letter.

I have learned many things, and I am now used to near blindness. The piano has been a new consolation. I loved Annette, yet as I grew old with Alice, I loved her more than any other, even Annette. God forgive me!

Since the date of Alice's death, however, I have penetrated something. I have made love to a woman and it was fabulous. Everything about it was perfect. It truly consoled me more than anything, more than the piano, more than philosophy. With the death of Alice, I began drinking booze. I may have started a while before her death, but she was dead in my mind anyway, long before she died in real life. It was Annette's spirit that haunted me in my dreams, that left me unable to fully connect with anyone. This is why I haven't written or spoken to you in many years, and why I didn't go to Alice's funeral. I took care of having her body exposed and buried in a private grave near the house.

Roland, I know you've been through a hard time, just as we all have since Alice's death. I can tell you, however, my dear son, that I have once again begun enjoying life like I did when I was younger, when I went by the sea or sat calmly in the forest. And since I made love to that new possession of mine, I have been filled full of cheerful life it pours out of me! I am once again united with text. Text is a gritty substance, is very textured, can be likened to a cold and dank cellar where old bottles of wine lay enclosed for ageing. And it is to life that I drink my brains out! And, my dear son, holy of holies, it is historical material itself that I penetrated! I took the body that I spent nearly 50 years making portraits of in its stillest life and violated it! And it was the death in Annette that came back to life in the dead body of Alice! It was pure creation! I ejaculated inside her cold corpse in a new communion! And I have buried her in the yard full of hot semen!

***

The letter written by my great-grandfather to my grandfather could have been a forgery, and my grandfather himself led a solitary life, so it's hard to know whether it was actually written by my great-grandfather; my grandfather was supposedly full of hate for his father, always knew that he was hiding something from him. All in all, it is a mystery letter, probably a hoax, and I say this because of the sheer disgust it brings out of me.

It does, however, have some brilliant passages. He talks in depth about his love of nature, about the cosmos, and though he says he's not a philosopher, he's quite philosophical. At any rate, this is what one oftimes inherits: confusion piled on confusion. Some say that my grandfather had been fighting in the war [WWII] when my father was born. Some still believe that my father is actually another man's son, which would change my lineage completely. I have this creepy letter, this watch and this miniature Bible that I keep on my person at all times, and the watch I also make use of, but the damned letter, it would have

indefinite meaning if I only knew if it was passed on to me through a three-generation leap. I would find solace and inspiration in it, but the spasmodic and maniacal drivel of some man unrelated to me only makes me want to discard the piece of trash.

An experience:

[Time]: 9am. [in the dream] : what does the treasure-chest represent? [visualization] Nativity, Gambling, the 'highs' of life. I must go to the bathroom [series of movements] [light-switch, toilet] why the hell did I dream of a treasure-chest with a watch, a Bible, and a manuscript? Why do I talk so much about my dreams to my psychiatrist? [force, pee] Now what an ingratiating sight, there's shit floating at the bottom of the toilet. We call that the residue. It's disgusting, really, little pieces of food, lettuce, celery. Chew your food properly, you bastard! [wait a second, wipe] What if all six apartments in the block are linked to one large thick pipe and someone put a shoe or a bottle of toothpaste in their toilet and it blocked up, the neighbor or something, his toilet is linked to mine and he blocks it and its HIS shit that's in my toilet in the morning. For God's sake, have some compassion. I'm tired. I hardly slept, dreamt of Picasso and some sort of interlinking cubical treasure-chest of golden story-shapes. Perspectives of reality - [kettlewaterplug]

Deleuze's Expressionism in Philosophy: Spinoza till lunch after I have two cigarettes and a coffee and read the news on the internet.

One becomes historical when one becomes free from one's indecisiveness. Fuck the news, I just want to read Deleuze for a little while [couch-sit-cupafloor-light-cigarette] what's Deleuze got to say about Spinoza? I already read chapter one. Chapter II: 'Attribute as Expression'=>

[concentrate on reading] Writing has an anxiety attached to it because it is a historical act, a 'making' historical, or historical making. [The problem of divine attributes had always been closely related to that of divine names] Geometry to me is linked with ideas. There is a geometry of concepts, I know there is. Substance/attribute, is this Kant's noumena/phenomena distinction? There's some sort of mediation going on between attribute, essence, and substance. [Each attribute expresses an essence, and attributes it to substance] whereby the attribute is mediator, like schematisms was it? Something in Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason' mediates between noumena, phenomena with senses, understanding, reason, and schematisms [translation] in his system.

It has become more textual. The text is no longer an empty tale. It is an important contract between reader and writer. It engages matter, memory, space, time, the understanding, it is a matrimony that weaves epistemological sense or stability.

I

VAP'ROUS & WHIMSICAL: TRIMMING THE PSYCHE:

Letter to an attorney:

Attributes. There's an expression-cluster relationship. The cluster or constellation, with its curious grouping demands expression, expressivity. Just like an expression is a composite of scattered parts. All texts have harmonic laws, be it historiographic or musical, a painting [painting as text] or a sculpture. All is molded of space, exhibited through time, in space; moods of space, of geometry, of concepts.

There's an otherness in my mirror. A realm of otherness. Or a plane, a field. It's very peculiar. Objects of late haven't had the same feel to them. I stare at my coffee mug and it's unsettling; it sits still but moves somehow, as though it was talking to me. I'm not saying I hear voices, I'm just stating that objects have seemed different of late. No need to call the hospital, it's a philosophical phenomenon, not medical.

Clusters are everything to me, or, rather, everything is part of a cluster. My thoughts operate in clusters, move in clusters, in groupings. I haven't quite figured out the full geometry of thoughts, but I'm working on it. Thoughts are, after all, electrical impulses. It would only be natural that the shapes we intuit from/of thoughts be similar to lightning-bolts. Thought does have that same power. Language would be the thunder of the lightning of thought. At any rate, I just wanted to send you a few thoughts. I'll see you next week. It's not the same as it used to be. You used to accompany me on these philosophic ventures; now I feel all alone, I feel like I've lost an important partner to a firm, of all things.

Take care,
B.D.

An experience [revisited]:

[Time: 11am] [toilet] tube of toothpaste in the sink, I'm going to get herpes or syphilis. Who goddamn left that there? I'm sure I already had herpes because when I'm sleeping Asphodel plays with the tube of toothpaste in the sink and usually puts it back before I wake up. Well, I've caught you now, I'll have my eye on you, no more shall you play games behind my back while I am sleeping!

[kettlewaterboil] [making coffee] What if pieces of dust collected in the toothpaste that was left open and it had a chemical reaction which *threw* the toothpaste in the sink. Is it safe to use the toothpaste? is what I want to know. Maybe it had a weird reaction to the cold or the heat of the shower and heater. It's old toothpaste, maybe toothpaste becomes toxic over time. Maybe the inside of the tube rusts and I get malaria or something. Don't they use tin or something in tubes of toothpaste? Tubes of paint, shit, I think I ate paint the other day by accident, while I was eating. Oil paint. Am I going blind?

[computer] Shit, the toilet's surely making a funny sound. Probably the shit coming up again. Good thing the tube of toothpaste wasn't in the toilet. I think that would have made me vomit. I'd piss all over it or piss on the neighbor's door. A nice long piss. Piss in his shoes. God, I know they hate me, I make too much noise. I think I walk with my heals and the guy downstairs hasn't slept in months because of it. I saw him when I was coming up the stairs and he didn't look too thrilled to see me, didn't answer my hello and looked a little burnt-out. I wasn't going to ask him to come have a cup of coffee. remember the neighbor upstairs how you actually wanted to invite him for a beer? I think he beats his wife, I hear screaming nights. He could be in the Mafia, does he know my name? Maybe he steals my mail sometimes and I don't realize it. Maybe he rented both apartments upstairs at the same time under two different names and just recently ended a lease with the apartment I took and he has a key and could walk in any time. I'd think it's Asphodel but it would be who knows what his name is, I haven't made eye contact yet.

[breakfast] Are these eggs rotten? They smell fine, but most evil things creep up on you without you knowing it. They taste fine but I bet I'll be sick all day. Well, it's as good a day to die as any. To die over eggs, God, that's just my luck. "He died over a Canadian-style breakfast."

II

TIME SENTENCES STUTTER:

a is *b*. The sky is blue [*c* is *d* (*e* is *f*)]. Words are never what they really are. Words aren't what they say they are. *x* is not *y*, *m* is not *n*. *c* is not *a*, nor is *e c* or *a*. There is always a regress, a displacement. What I say is at best a replacement for what I mean. Or, rather, what I say is a replacement for the actual things I am talking about. The problem comes from names. If things had no names, silence would answer everything. I could then, in silence, say everything I mean, and mean everything I say I mean.

It seems like a simple problem, but really it isn't, it has to do with the very fabric of time and space. If there weren't such things as space or spatiality, everything would lock into place perfectly; All would be One. Time and space keep things separate. Separation, displacement/replacement, spatiality.

Language has its own special spatiality. It has an integrity, a consistency that keeps phrases together; a logic that shapes it from the ground up. Language has a spatiality of logical necessity. Things sound they way they *need* to sound. Phrases are constructed out of an urgent necessity, out of the very tragic desires that shape reality.

III A doorway, a gravestone, a foot, a sponge, a head, an eraser, a portal, porthole, window,
IIIII opening, painting (image, copy, simulacrum) - plate, shield breastplate, jump, throw,
IIIIIII trajectory - harmony, 2-dimensionality, a figure, a shape, simplicity, zone, field, plane -
IIIIIII ideogram, idea, form, structure, part -distinguishability, drape, stamp, bullet, phallus,
IIIIIII Tower of Babel, Secrecy, Embassy, the Ambassador - mountain peak, apex, zenith,
IIIIIII arrowhead, knife, sword, two-edgedness - rock, facade, illusion, silence, mystery.

IIIIII The I, the individual, the being, the self, the spirit, the soul, God, a pantheon,
I I servitude, abandonment, spirituality, mysticism, abnegation, distortion of truth -
IIIII IIIII graveyard, Christendom, sacredness, symbolism, grave, tomb, library, building,
I I construction, expression, symmetricity (vertical), disjunctive horizontal -
IIIII IIIII mourning, clans, sign, hand, the senses, perception, 4-dimensionality,

I I crossroads, junction, meething-place, matrimony, marriage, market square -
I I agreement, control (lack of, wealth of), Numbers, Deuteronomy,
I I Episodic/Epistolary Cascades - bricks, bricklayers - road, path, pictogram -
IIIIIII religiosity, Faith, patch, badge, name (number: numeral, nominal, noumenal).

History Time Memory Matter **Gravity Static** Electricity **Creation Stasis** Contraction **Lines Points** Polarity Axes Frames Convergence **Divergence Reality** Postulates Principles Action Will power **CONVERSATION III Designate**, Calling card, <**Déjeuner sur l'herbe>** I saw the number on the **house,** the fence **and** the numerals **on the door**, I thought I **saw a face** breath whispering **creation totality tonality** threshold building development industry **facade** unreality digestion **condition** concentration **freeway living** dim the lights or die on cynic south lending a brother a bay, off **the cuffs** if I saw it then **I know I saw it but I might have forgotten** what it was I

H I S T O R Y	**H I S T O R I C I T Y**	**H I S T O R I C A L I T Y**
I N T E L L E C T	**I** N T E R E S T S	**O** R T H O G R A P H Y
E N V I R O N M E N T	**G** O O D W I L L	**R** A D I C A L I S M
R E A L I T Y	**H** A P H A Z A R D	**I** N T E R I O R I T Y
A N A R C H Y	**R** E C I P R O C I T Y	**Z** E R O N E S S
R E A L I Z A T I O N	**I** N D I V I D U A L	**O** N T O L O G I C A L
C H A R A C T E R	**S** U N S H I N E	**N** U G A T O R Y
H A M M E R - B L O W S	**E** N D I S N I G H	**S** Y S T E M A T I Z E
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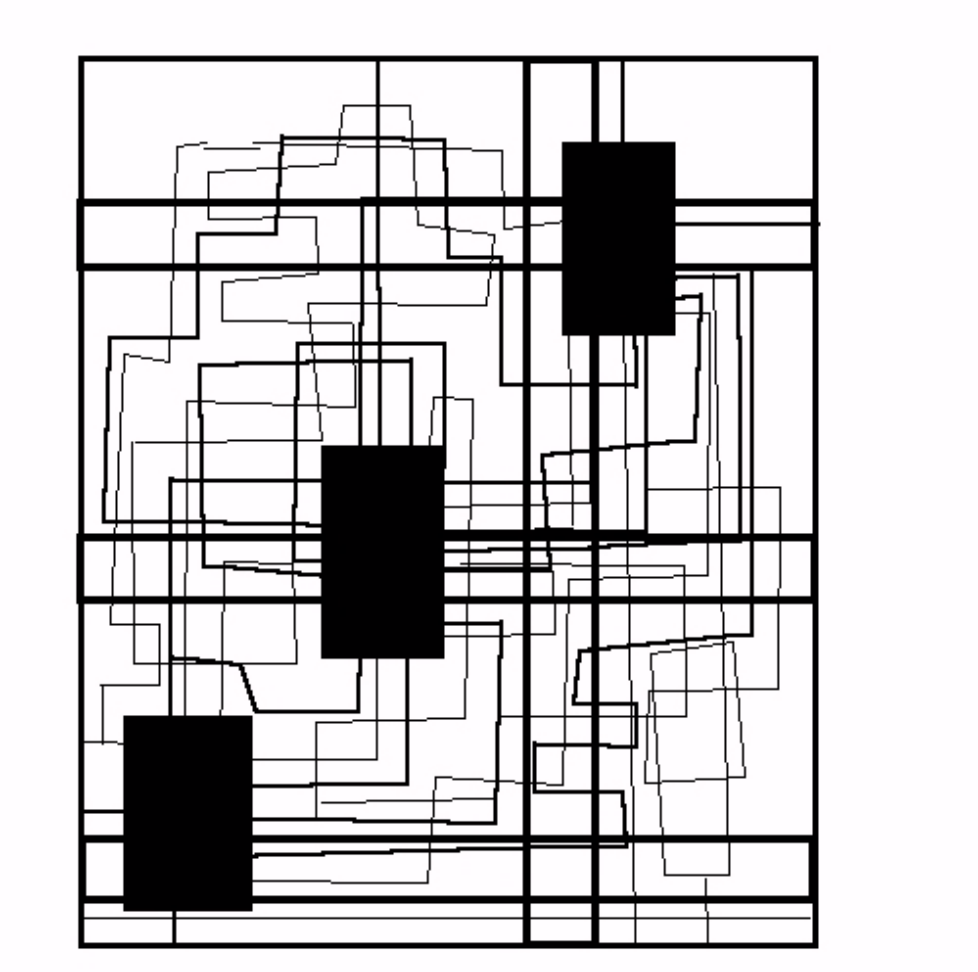

III

BEHIND THE GIMMICKRY OF WAR:

A soft place to rest your eyes and ears. Raise your hearts and livers, lungs, and throat. Lives are unsettled, unsettling, dishevelling the very right to be righteous. History is a layering of contact plates. It is superimposition pure and simple.

The shape at the end of the last II, before this III, is History. It is time, memory, it is interconnection, superimposition, contact plates, screens, layers, sheets, thin margins, fields, planes, directional lines, bifurcating paths, energy, life, movement, activity, codes, figures, byways, highways, systematicity, organization, constitution, institution of the plane, creation, invention, blocs of sensations, of percepts and affects, conceptual blocs when it is a history of concepts.

The three black rectangles are Shapes, Planes. The lines connect the Squares/Rectangles [tectonic plates], establish the communication of the system. There are axes, and a labyrinth of intersecting lines which are possible narratives, they form the concept of History, which is made of geologic plates and positional lines directing the flow of information through the annexes and indexes of historiography. The object of the image is History broken into its parts, light and dark, black and white, static interference, atmospherical noise: the Projector in action, livening up the solemn theatre at night, the Projectionist practising for next week's big show.

It is the integrity of the figurality of moral values. The art of story-telling, of passing on the treasure-chest of genetic ideas. The speaker poet is the chief circulator of ideas. He or she keeps new thoughts in motion, keeps creating them, new ones, so the moral of the story goes.

Painter A. is in the studio. He's talking to the Projectionist on the phone. Painter A.: "So where is your Chroma these days?"

Projectionist: “Chroma, old Chroma is playing tricks on me!” as he dabs paint on the canvas, a great blotch of tangerine orange, holding the phone in the other hand. “You know, you should come down and visit the studio, I’ve been on a rampage, I’ve painted over all my *toiles*, I had a renaissance.”

Editor Ed Forward forwards a letter to all his employees.

My beloved employees,

There will no longer be a Saturday and Sunday edition. I’m starting another business on the side and I can’t work on this paper on the weekends anymore. Since I own the paper, my decision stands. Sorry if it inconveniences anyone. I will be needing a few people, though, for work on this new project. It will pay double; I’ve already received a nice grant. It’s first come first served. The working title for the project is ‘History’. It’s going to be an amazing experience for all of us. Just keep in touch, maybe we can all work on this; I’m sure we could in the end find a place for everyone. I’ve always been fair to you guys, and so I will honestly do my best for everyone to have a secure place in the weekend work. Eventually, I myself will be selling the paper if this new idea pulls through. One can only stay with one paper for so long, anyway. But I must say that owning this paper has been difficult, it has taken time away from my editing; the editing has slacked a little, I must admit. Therefore getting rid of this paper in the end will do me just fine. Then I can retire with my new wealth come this History project’s completion. You know where to reach me.

Ed Forward, *editor*

The Baron and his psychiatrist are sitting in the middle of the office facing one another on metal chairs. The Baron is talking and his present psychiatrist, Doctor D., is jotting down some notes, letting out a few comments here and there.

Baron: “I’m grateful that you’re taking the time to jot these things down, but I must warn you that what you are doing is going to be useless in the end for the precise reason that I am not capable of being represented.”

Doctor D.: “What do you mean?”

Baron: “I mean that even my own words are poor imitations of what I really am.”

Doctor D.: “But isn’t that the case for everyone?”

Baron: “Sure, it is, but me especially. I have a job that necessitates that I be somewhat invisible, inconspicuous. If people could know that I was Chief of the messengers, people would ask me too many questions, most of which I cannot answer. But it goes deeper than that: not only am I inconspicuous, I am, at base, unrepresentable. That means that your notes will not come close to capturing any part of me. You’ll see, you’ll realize soon enough that your notes are useless. But I am grateful for the gesture.”

Doctor D.: “Well, my job is to try my best. So, you’re saying that you are a complex person.”

Baron: “Exactly the opposite. See what I mean? I never said I was complex. Your notes are only going to confuse everything. I relay messages to messengers who relay them between here and the afterworld. I am a simple message-giver. Messages make their inceptions into the world through me, I pass them to messengers who pass them to you, to your family and friends, to spirits in the Cemetery who pass the messages to higher dimensional realms.”

Doctor D.: “You speak in metaphors.”

Baron: “Not at all. I swear to God, Doctor, maybe you should give up trying to take notes. I’ve warned you enough times. I know you’re trying your best, but there are forces at work here whose purpose

it is to assure that you misrepresent me. Messengers are mistranslating to you what I am saying, because my messages aren't for you, they are for Messengers only. Do you understand what I am saying? Try to understand without jotting it down."

Doctor D.: "Are you always backed up by these Messengers? Is there no way to reach the core?"

Baron: "That's better already. There's a lot about me that *can* be represented. You can make out a general profile. The words that I speak to you are heavy with meanings that normal human beings cannot understand. It sounds like I am speaking in English, but really I speak a foreign tongue that only at best resembles English. In fact, it's not even close to English, but your tongue is English and you misinterpret what I say as English. Do you understand better now what I am saying?"

Doctor D.: "It's rather difficult, to say the least. Why did you come to see me?"

Baron: "I needed someone to talk to about my mission. There have been problems in the Dream Assembly, some serious trouble. As far as I know, it's cracking at the seams. Humanity has gone so far astray that the messages which we deal with, which keep the universe intact, are not doing their job anymore. Your universe may just fall apart. I need to pull a special maneuver we at the Dream Assembly call a *circumspect deterritorialization*, or that's how it ends up sounding to you in English. That's what I'm doing here in your office. It seems like I am simply talking to you about myself, but really I am strengthening the connections between me and my messengers so that our messages can run smoothly as they once did. You see, I've been banned from the Assembly itself, I'm stuck here on earth to do a job I should be doing in the Assembly. It's much harder to do my job on earth, and so I constantly have to come up with new tricks. Coming to see you is something I hope I don't have to do again because it is very difficult, I am risking everything by talking to a normal human being, to a non-initiate. I am risking this universe. You must keep this confidential."

Doctor D. is not sure whether to believe the Baron. He looks at his notes and slowly realizes that what the Baron said about misrepresentation is true; his notes aren't even close to what he actually heard the Baron speak. Doctor D.: "Is there any way that I can truly hear what you are saying the way that you say it, or am I to remain in the dark? How can I help you if I can't even hear what you're saying, or if you speak in a foreign tongue?"

Baron: "The point is not that you understand what I am saying, for you could never understand, your universe does not have room for the language that I actually speak. What I need from you is your misunderstanding. Your misunderstanding helps concretize the links in the messenger system. I am aware that this is confusing because it really sounds like I am speaking in English. Forgive me for the difficulties that arise from this situation. I mean no harm. Perhaps you should just listen and misunderstand, yes, you would help me most by letting yourself go to the misunderstanding. I know it's hard since you are such a rational creature; you desire to understand me; you are a psychiatrist, you want to understand the functioning of my psyche. That will only lead us to trouble. You must not do your job properly, you must misunderstand me and not speak to anyone about the undergoing processes of our conversation. Your job is to misunderstand me, to prescribe me medication, and to return a happy man to your wife and children. Believe it or not, but the prescriptions you write, the very writing of the prescriptions, does more towards the stabilization of the messenger system than anything else you could possibly do. The Dream Assembly needs this universe; this universe forms an integral part of the Dream Assembly in its higher dimension. The use of language in this universe concretizes realities in the Assembly. There's almost a sort of game of Ping-Pong between the Assembly and this universe. In fact, there's a reason behind everything you do in this world, even a reason behind your messy handwriting. It is all based on misrepresentation, on the illusive nature of the world you live in. An illusion in this realm is a concrete reality in the realm of the Assembly."

Doctor D.: "I think I understand."

Baron: "But you mustn't."

Doctor D. [confused]: "That about wraps it for this session."

I

NUMERAL: NOMINALLY NEUTER:

Bildungsroman. Roman de formation.

Doctor: "Okay, this is session two, we're recording it this time by the way, Baron. Just tell me your story from the beginning, we'll record it and I'll listen to it this week and study it. You may begin when you feel ready."

The Baron: “That’s a good idea. Let’s try this…… Okay, what I have found is that talking about my friend the Projectionist is the best way in this universe to create strong links for the messages the messengers transmit. The story of the projectionist is the strongest conductive agent, it oils the message tracks real well. But talking about him has only led me to see psychiatrist. But through the psychiatrist, I have found the greatest tool: the prescpription. You see, my life is based on finding the best ways to concretize transmissions in the Dream Assembly. To have matter in the Dream Assembly, a certain type of situation in this world must exist. The existence of certain types of experiences for humans help hold together the workings of the Assembly. It is a very bureaucratic thing, in fact, the reason humans have bureaucracy is due to the true bureaucracy of the Assembly. These dinner conversations are good for my business as main message-giver. The Assembly needs a sender, a mediator [medium], and a receiver. The Boy from the Cemetery is chief mediator- translator-messenger. The receiving end is in the Dream Assembly, or close to it. In the last years, the catch-point for messages has gone off center. There is the Assembly, but also the zone of the Timeless, which is where the message is landing on its way back. The messenger service is a real sport. It’s similar to human football. Again, football comes from the idea in the Assembly of the messenger service. The messages that I give actually come from the Dream Assembly. It’s similar to Hegel’s dialectic in this universe, thesis-antithesis-synthesis, a three-fold process that goes on continuously. And I constantly have to change my position, change the situations I am in in order to find the best situational agent for message sending. Sometimes it’s dinner with friends, sometimes it’s with you, Doctor. All the episodes of my life form the story which is really the inner life of the Assembly. The Dream Assembly is creator-manager of dream and reality in this universe. It makes sure all the right connections are made for the life of Heaven [Assembly]. The continuation of the Assembly relies on messages being transmitted in this 4-dimensional universe [as sequences of actions, series of situations]. There is a crisis in the Assembly with the exact location where the messages are landing. The last message landed in a really inopportune place. Our structure is failing 12th of the time. This has never happened before, so this time I need more than a prescription, plus I understand that in this universe I don’t need a prescription. I now need you to take those notes you were taking last time. I didn’t realize it then, but it was actually the best way to transmit the particular code that I need to emit today.”

Doctor: “I understand.”

Baron: “Exactly.”

Doctor: “Okay, so tell me about the Projectionist, then.”

Baron: “I thought you’d never ask. I met him several years ago. Now, understand that this message I am giving you is not meant for you but for listeners around you [between you and the space you occupy] so I’m somewhat sceptical about the recordings, but I’ve often been wrong about what is best for message transmission. I met the Projectionist after I saw one of his productions at the Cinéma Tonale. I met him after the show and spoke to him. He was projecting a film called ‘The Baron of St-Hilaire’, which I attended that Sunday evening, and it led me to several strange beliefs: 1)that maybe he had insight into who I am, and I should correct him; 2)talking to him could be good for message contracts due to the respective metaphoricity of his film and my life. I must remind you that my words sound like English to you, but really it is a transdimensional transmission of meta-information. But I will tell you the Projectionist’s story, which will explain to you in the only way I can express it to a normal human being the reality of the Dream Assembly, otherwise known as the Legion, the Multitude.”

Doctor: “Ready and recording. This is great!”

Baron: “The story changes a little each time I tell it. Here goes… The Projectionist met me after his production one Sunday night, or I met him, either way is fine, for it was a mystical night. He told me, and continued to tell me the next week over coffee, the theory behind the Cinéma Tonal cinema house, otherwise known as the Tonal Cinema. But *Tonal Cinema* itself is much more than a cinema house. It is a strange pageant, the creation of concepts, the language arts personified. I mean, the way the Projectionist says it, ‘I work my magic in the projector booth, projectionist and projector enacting the moments of the spectacle. It’s an inter-dimensional show, 2-dimensional and 2 ½-dimensional on the screen, three- and four-dimensional in the audience, five-dimensional in the booth behind the flashing lights’.”

Doctor: “Hmm-mm.”

Baron: “The projectionist walks to work in Old Montreal every day, walks part of the way on beautiful cobblestone roads with horses. That’s where he got the idea for his film about the Baron of St-Hilaire, which resembles me in a way. This story sounds crazy, and it’s what led me to your office, Doctor. We felt in the Assembly that I should try to fake an illness, or that I sounded insane anyway, since I’m not yet used to human form. You see, I go released from the Assembly to come to this world over some

somewhat naughty business. I'm not saying I tried to overpower God, like Lucifer in your Bible. Not at all, this is not an allegory, this is a material fact. If you knew where to look, you could find emanations of the Dream Assembly. If you only knew how it really works, poor you. At any rate, what I did in the Dream Assembly was not entirely my own doing; some of it was an inevitable cycle that overpowered *me*. At all times during the process I was completely convinced that what I was doing was the right thing to do. I am different than other Dream-makers or Reality-producers. I picked up on ideas from the old regime. I was too interested in the activities of your universe, they said. I caused a lot of irremediable problems, but I still think somewhere deep down that what I did was necessary. What I did, then, got me to this your world to try and resolve the problem. Sometimes I feel I'm only making things worse, and in times of crises like right now, I'm further and further away from ground zero in the Assembly and many of my messages fail."

Doctor: "So tell me more about the projectionist."

Baron: "Yes, thanks, that is, after all, the story that is the best conductor for signal air space. The story gets complicated, and as I said, it changes over time. The Projectionist made a film about Victor Vortex who created the Tonal Cinema, a sort of allegory of the Projectionist himself, imaging himself as though he created the Tonal Cinema, though he is only Projectionist. In a way he *did* create it, because he created the *Theory of Tonal Cinema.* The Projectionist, at any rate, told me about all his films, even the ones he never performed [for his films are a performance art of manipulated sound and images]. He told me about his friend the Painter, Painter D. The projectionist says, 'I enter Paint D.'s studio and he immediately begins to tell me, "I have been painting History. Come see, I have been trying to paint the concept of History." His project of History resembles mine of Tonal Cinema. I don't even know if Painter D. is a real person. This man speaks in metaphors and allegories. That's the one problem I've encountered that I can't resolve, that people speak in metaphors and allegories. The fact that thousands of stories have been told in this universe makes me sound like a story-teller, when in reality I am a message-giver, a message-sender, once a dream/reality creator. All these stories you tell in this world take away my credit as an authentic Overman, you could say. I value my life as much as yours, and the Assembly values your life as much as mine. It's not about value; I am what I am by birth and by graduation from the physical plane. I was once human, a normal human being, aeons ago I was a man, but it wasn't me, it was partly me, it was the genesis of who I am, and though all my human memories were lost in the transfer, I do know one thing: being human is just as important as being a dream/reality weaver in the Assembly. But now I am a transmitter, which is different. I seem to have a human form to you and to others, but really what I am is inconceivable by human minds. You'll be glad to have met me in the end, and the fact that I am on earth right now in this form, though imperceptible by most [for there are ones who *know* about the Assembly, like the Projectionist, I believe], when you reach the Dream Assembly after death and the Mission, if you survive, you will form part of the New Dream Assembly which we are slowly instating."

Doctor: "That's amazing. Good, the tape is coming to the end, I'll put on a new reel…… Okay, you can start whenever you feel like it, but I must warn you, we have to cut it short today, I have some business to attend to, plus I want to see what happens when I try to transcribe your words into text."

Baron: "That might work. Directly, transcribing doesn't always work, but for some reason, from a recording it works much better most of the time, I believe. My messages are delicate, and most of the time you're only transcribing the messengers' [Boys'] voices. If you could only see how phenomena is built! see it from within! The projectionist says, 'Baron, my film is quite literal for the most part. Tonal Cinema, as I said, resembles the Painter's historical materialism. It is a table with two legs in materialism and two in idealism. Tonal Cinema posits a plane and erects a conceptual network.' Everyone these days are reading Deleuze and Gilles Deleuze comes close to discovering the Dream Assembly, believe it or not. He doesn't discover it, rather he circumscribes it. He circumsizes himself before God, basically. God, properly understood, transcends the Dream Assembly altogether; the Dream Assembly is not a metaphor for God, it is this world over the next four to six dimensions. If you imagine this world as 4-dimensional, the Dream Assembly makes up the 5^{th}, 6^{th}, 7^{th}, 8^{th}, 9^{th}, and 10^{th} dimensions. It is in fact part of the same universe that you live in, except its a deeper layer than you can perceive, or maybe you can see it as an invisible extension of this your universe."

Doctor: "I see."

Baron: "No, the point is that you *can't* see it."

Doctor: "Yes, yes, I understand."

Baron: "Hardly. I'm sorry to sound condescending but the closest you'll ever come to knowing what my words mean is, well, if you are elected as a Gnostic, for Gnostics know about the Dream

Assembly. They are like private contractors who take the matter of Messenger Service into their own hands. But some are wholly on the wrong track, some are what in your words could be called Pagan or Satanic. But I must tell you that this is not about God, it is mystical, it touches mystical truths, but God is another story altogether. The Projector and his Projectionist are not metaphors for God. The Assembly narrates in a sense what is to take place on earth. God, as you will know, is greater than this universe, of which the Dream Assembly is an additional part. We form part of the congregation, but we're not God; God created the universe, we are mere managers hired by the power of God. That's as far as we go. We have an important job, but we needn't be worshipped. That's the difference, we in the Dream Assembly don't need songs of adoration. We do need music, but in a another way."

Doctor: "I'm confused. Can I play back part of the first reel?"

Baron: "Sure. Is it rewound?"

Doctor: "Yes, here, let's listen."

Baron [tape played back]: "The Projectionist is one of those individuals who without knowing it creates such a powerful network of precise linguistic interconnections that he makes our work much easier. He takes a real load off our back. As you will see when you play this back, these words are not the words you heard while you were recording. A new set of words and meanings will be evoked. You will notice this with any form of translation of what I speak, for, as I have said, I do not speak English, I speak something that sounds like English to you only because your mind is set to English understanding. What happens when you play it back is that the material has changed shapes; my messages, whether from now or from ten days ago, are all existing in the same moment, in the Here-Now. They all resemble one another; they are stitches in the fabric of Space and Time, and all the stitches form ONE SINGLE FABRIC that exists, well, that does and doesn't exist. Now stop playing the tape so we can talk further."

Doctor: "That's entirely bizarre. How did you do that?"

Baron: "I didn't do that. That's what happens when my voice is recorded. It's the phenomena surrounding a message-giver. It is the untransmissibility of my essence as cardinal Code-speaker. The nature of this type of code is that it always re-addresses itself, always relocates its center, making representation or transcription impossible. God cannot change the past, and neither can we, but we can effect the outcome of the present and future. And so people in the Assembly worked to change your perception of the tape you just played. Had your wife been in here, she would have heard different words altogether. I speak directly to the subject, I work with subjective truths. Subjective truth is one the tools of the Dream Assembly. That's why Kierkegaard and Kafka were so powerful; they made connections possible that were so unfathomably necessary to our existence… at any rate, this is the same power that the Projectionist uses in his productions. He makes it so that each member of the audience experiences his or her own subjective film. People come out of the theatre talking to one another and not having experienced the same film event. They struggle to understand one another and cannot. That is the art of the allegorist, the true story-teller. I wish I was just a story-teller and not a Sender. It would make life much easier."

Doctor: "How does human misunderstanding help you?"

Baron: "Shit, I never thought you'd ask that, um, can you write me a prescription? No, take notes, no, read your notes, perhaps. Yes, you'll find that answer in your notes. That's the only way you can extract a proper answer from me."

Doctor: "Okay. Here we go, the notes, the notes, there. I'll read from the middle of our last session. Here goes, 'We are in a strange predicament here in the Dream Assembly. My messages, led to the Assembly through Messengers, are landing outside the inner atmosphere of the Assembly, outside ***the Office***, we call it. Since that happened, we've relied more and more on human misunderstanding, because misunderstandings actually change the trajectory of the message. You see, I'm sure you're wondering what the Messengers actually do, the Boys, we call them. I meet some in person, for some are actual boys living normal human lives. On their way to school they *secrete* or *emit* the message to different locations in their environment. Many messenger-boys emitting many messages in different locations creates a great crescendo of messages, and they interline, pass through a focus in the 4 ½th dimension, which leads the message directly to the Dream Assembly, the Office. You see, the lens is off and misunderstandings, especially gross misunderstanding, the type of misunderstanding where healthy people are sent to mental institutes for a madness they don't show true signs of, this kind of thing sort of levels out the focal lens and send the message closer to the desired contact-point or landing-zone. We use text just as you use text here in this world, I mean, that's where you learned to read and write, from the Dream Assembly."

Doctor: “Yes…”

Baron: “No. You’re forgetting that these words aren’t in English. Now please turn on the tape recorder, record these following sentences so I can leave.”

Doctor: “Okay, whatever you want. I’m enjoying this, it’s a real brain-twister. There, the machine is recording now, speak as you most wish.”

Baron: “I wish we had more time to do all sorts of experiments. But time is of the essence now, things must be done quickly, with a swiftness. Everything is postponed. The Projectionist is no longer working at the theatre on Sundays, he’s working at home on a new movie. Like I said, it’s sort of like the Jewish concept of a *postponed destiny*, as Deleuze put it in your human words. It means that the artist is always thinking of something new, is always focused on an after-effect, is incorporating him or herself into a great puzzle whose outcome is yet to be seen, and must be constructed by the viewer. As you have seen, or will see, some artists recourse to the study of art history as the theoretical basis of their art. Some painters are also poets, some poets are musicians, composers, as some screenwriters are also dancers. I hear now that the Boy is in danger, and so I must be on my way. Perhaps I have failed to give the right message, maybe I will be reprimanded. We won’t know until later. But now I must exit this scene.”

Doctor: “Alright.”

II

What can I say? I’ve done all that I can do. Pick up another of the novellas, open it up at random and read from it, you will see connections being made. All has been written in the same vein, all flows equally side by side through the channels of meaning/signification. I must admit that I have been a bit of a falsifier; I have tended to rewrite the reality I was living in somewhat cryptic terms, but I have even tried to explain the symbolism I have used, how each set of novellas expresses a certain part of the Tonal Cinema ideogram. These words were the best way for me to express myself. I let my own experience, my own being express itself; I let my existence speak, I let all existence speak. I was a bit of a historical materialist here, a phenomenologist there, and experimental everywhere.

As this novella comes to a close, I want to tell you the way in which *Vapors/Abysms* fits into the big picture [*Exhibition in Tonal Cinema*] and how *Vapors/Abysms* didn’t meet its full potential. You see, *Vapors/Abysms* was meant to be darker, and though it was somewhat dark, it lacked a little something, something of the fierce, the violent, the ghastly, the ghoulish. It was originally programmed as a very tragic piece. But we changed most of the characters into sentences and paragraphs from the 4th novella onward, and these, the last novellas, are tainted by the metamorphoses that earlier went on. If one person in the world reads my entire set of novellas, that will be one person who understands my condition. The constant transmutation, mistranslation, the transmission of ideas into the ether, to hidden messengers, the projections, the theatres, the cathedrals, the City, the Venice of the City, the Labyrinth, the Meta-Brain Psychosis: *this has been a very long Exhibition, and more is to come.* I will never tell in what order they were written. Let’s just say that they might not have all been written in the order they appear. The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema is an ‘*interchangeable reality bus with words in it*’. It is just that, a Tonal Cinema.

III

And so we leave the empty theatre. The empty theatre is the theatre of *Vortex*. And what was *Vapors/Abysms*? The first seven novellas are called *The Exhibition in Tonal Cinema,* the next three novellas are *Projector/Projectionist,* the next three *Vapors/Abysms,* and the last three *Vortex. Vapors/Abysms* is the audience, is about the reader, about the viewer of the images of *Tonal Cinema.* The Baron can be seen as a kind of conceptual persona. He was instituted into the program to ease the transmission of ideas, of certain concepts that make up this grim theatre.

The Abysm is the dark audience, the men and women attentively viewing the cinema in action, in their seats embedded in the darkness of the theatre with rays of light, the Vapors above them. In my conception of the Tonal Cinema, the room is smoky so that the rays emitted from the projector are very visible. What was intended, really, was a series of three novellas where I could really work on the reader/writer relationship; I tried my best to level out the playing field. If I was too gratuitous, forgive me. If I have been a poor story-teller, or a poor dramatist, forgive me also; the point was to touch three aspects of the cinema: *Vapors, Atmospherics,* and *Abysms.* Therefore I gave *Vapors/Abysms* a three-pronged look: *each novella in the series is composed only of three types of chapters, I, II, and III, Vapors, Atmospherics, and Abysms respectively.* All the rest is a network of fine details. Again, each novella in the greater

sixteen-part series can be read separately or from first to last in a rather engaging process. What should be remembered are the shapes, the sounds, the Tonal Cinema, which is all that I wished to impart unto my readers, a sense of the epic that I caught onto at a young age.

If I am a Romantic or an Idealist at heart, it shows through my undertakings. The tales that I have told are as true as they are not true. They are *ventures.* They are lines to be read, to be contemplated by the pale moonlight, lines to create in their constant bombardment a mosaic of episodes so clear in their imagery and conceptuality that disputing them would be in bad taste. A work of art is a million times over something entirely disputable, and in a sense, disputing over the veracity of such and such a line is useless, because specific lines are only constructed in view of the whole that is the *oeuvre*, and each line taken out of its context loses its value. So anywhere that I have told lies, they weren't lies at the time, only part of the framework of the overall piece. There are many Doctors and many Barons in the world, and many Projectionists. Many things in this world are *Projectors.* In the same fashion, Vapors and Abysms are everywhere, in fact there is a dialectic of Vapors and Abysms similar to the dialectic of Figure and Ground, Melody and Harmony, Mind and Body.

Without further ado, let us prepare for the aftermath, for this is the close of this book.

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The End

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